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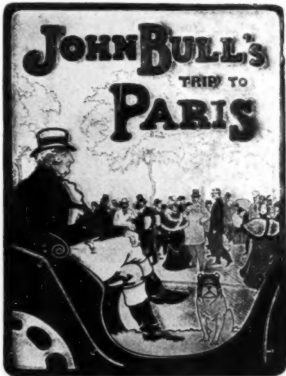
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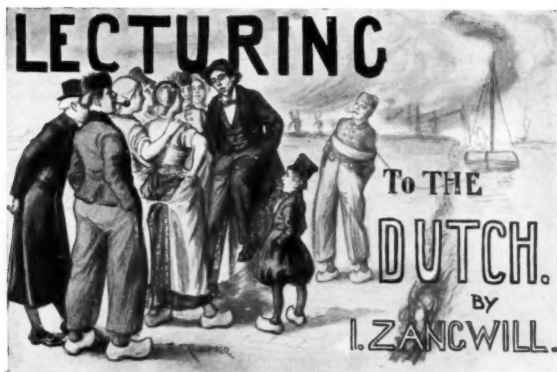
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For her beauty it was such,
Poets could not praise too much.

HERRICK.



THE Dutch are accustomed to be lectured to. To talk like a Dutch uncle has long been a proverb for pragmatic verbosity. The sermons in church sometimes last two hours. Patience is naturally a trait of people who have to stand by many times a day while draw-bridges are raised for the passing of ships.

Holland is a vast meadow with ships and windmills grazing instead of cows and sheep. Every separate field is a green canvas framed in silver water. In winter you could go all through the country on a pair of skates, a method even more commodious than bicycling. The ships on the narrow canals have the air—when only their sails are seen in the distance—of strolling across country. Only the train seems to hurry, but as the next place is just like the last, it doesn't seem to get anywhere.

It is impossible, however, to spend more than a day in the train, if you want to remain in Holland. All the chief towns cluster towards the West within a few hours of each other. This is an

excellent thing for one who goes lecturing to the Dutch.

The language in which I lectured to them was not their own, nor even double Dutch, whatever that may be, but simply English. For English is indeed the favourite accomplishment of the Dutch. Even the tram-conductors and railway officials speak it, or try to. And here let me note the advantage of living in a little country, or one with a barbarous language. You become a linguist despite yourself. For the instant you cross your own frontier you are lost unless you study the lingo of the foreigners.

A Dutchman who has the advantage of three frontiers will be found speaking French and German also. He cannot help it. A Russian or a Hungarian speaks every language of Europe. His own tongue will carry him nowhere. The language of the Parisian, who goes nowhere and forces everybody to come to him, is known throughout Europe.

Fashionable crowds attended my English lectures, and I found that a grave academic manner seems to be

their ideal of oratory, as it is many people's idea of art. They seemed also to think that a speaker must wave his arms and extend his palms with dignity. "His only gesture," wrote one of my critics, "is to keep his hand in his wide trouser pockets." "The English think," he went on, throwing all my faults on my race, "that just as to dance they have only to move their feet, so to speak they have only to move their mouth." But some of the criticisms I might have written myself. As for the audiences, they were quite as hearty as any I have had, except that I was received with a chilling silence, which I had not been warned was the custom of the country. I understand that this silent system prevails likewise in New England, where it was probably exported from Holland. Nor did I obtain applause even by drinking from my glass, an unfailing expedient in old England.

My mentor in Dutch ways was a native professor of English, who studied English as we study Greek or Latin, and had a whole world of rules of which I was painfully ignorant. He showed me books in which my language was curiously and wondrously spelt so as to exhibit the pronunciation. He flourished chapters, primed with subtleties in the use of prepositions. If I disagreed with him as to colloquial usages he was prepared to prove his points by quotations from the British classics, some of which he had edited.

His wife was almost the only person I met absolutely without knowledge of English. He had been engaged to teach her English, but this engagement passed after a lesson or two into one of marriage, and the English was thrown overboard in favour of the universal language. He said my coming would give a filip to her ancient desire to learn English.

He was the most gentlemanly person who has ever invited me to lunch. He made no preparations or changes whatever. I partook of the midday fare of his wife and children, that began with coffee and herring, proceeded to mince-meat patties and smoked-roo sand-

wiches, and ended with coffee and cake. What a change from the people who put themselves out to give you a better lunch than they eat themselves, and then make matters worse by apologising for offering you only their own simple fare.

A French writer has traced the proverbial cleanliness of the Dutch to their desire to capture as much of the sun as possible by reflecting it from the scrupulously scoured surface of pots and pans. My first impression of the Dutch was, however, neither one of cleanliness nor of comfort. For I arrived in Delft desperately hungry, and ploughed my way through a pelting rain in search of the Koomarkt, where my host lived. I had come by an earlier train than I had appraised him of, and was thus deservedly desolate.

I found the "Cowmarket" at last with its ranges of iron stalls bordered by petty, shabby houses, and I rather wondered what my host, a student of the university, should be doing in the "Cowmarket." My wonder increased when I arrived at the house, No. 32, and saw a slatternly female serving in a coal and greengrocery shop. "The landlady," I thought. "He lives above." For I had written to him several times at this address. I enquired for him in my best Dutch. She went to the door of the "parlour" behind and called. I heard a voice answer her.

I advanced to meet my host. I saw a bronzed man in shirt-sleeves; very doubtfully I crossed the threshold. He extended his rude hand—and pushed me back. "*Neit so var*" (Not so far), he cried roughly with his peasant suspiciousness. Why tell farther? Ultimately discovered I had misread the address. It was not "Koomarkt" but "Kornmarkt." And soon I was dining in the luxurious University Club.

Interest in the outside world and the love of indoor comfort are curiously combined in the Dutch national institution of window-mirrors, a couple of looking-glasses being fixed outside each window, and slanted at such an angle

that the spectator in his armchair may witness all that passes in the street without himself being seen. The fact that these scenes appear in a glass gives almost the enhancement of art to the interest of this natural drama. One is also safe from beggars.

In beggars, indeed, Holland has infinitely the advantage of Italy, and such as exist are well provided for in all sorts of almshouses and orphanages.

Though Holland has lost all its ancient political importance, it seems to be prosperous enough in the large cities. But there are some towns where, if there be not beggars, there are very few inhabitants, "the dead cities of the Zuyder Zee," where the grass grows in the deserted streets and the ancient houses stoop decrepit in the soft, subsiding soil. They must indeed be havens of peace, with no sound but the chimes of the church towers announcing the quarters by strains of melody. But as I was "lecturing to the Dutch" I did not go to them.

More cheerful, if less picturesque, are the parks and pleasure-houses of the retired merchants in the suburbs of the larger cities. The most beautiful I saw

were outside Arnhem, a town whose charms are accentuated by the Rhine. The worthy burghers announce to the world their satisfaction with their past existence by inscriptions on their houses, like epitaphs on the living, "Peace and Plenty," "Free from Worry," and so forth.



My wonder increased.

The mansion I went over, however, belonged to a nobleman, and was chiefly remarkable for its grounds, in which was a bridge of planks laid across two hanging chains which gave clatteringly under the feet, and to run across which was to have something of a switchback sensation.

More surprising were the various surreptitious, mechanical fountains that would spurt over you if you stepped upon the springs. On the days when the park is thrown open

to the public, it is great fun for the couples to drench one another.

In Holland one hardly likes to think that outside the dykes at high tide the sea may be roaring eighteen feet above his head. Even as it is, water is always collecting in the lower levels, which has to be pumped into the canals and sent seaward. It is the windmills that do

this work—as well as their own—and an enemy who should, like Don Quixote, charge the windmills would not be fighting so foolishly as the dear old Spaniard. These Dutch windmills are gigantic structures when you stand by them, though from afar they always seemed to me like the toy windmills of my childhood.



"Niet so var!"

Talking of the toys of childhood reminds me of St. Nicholas, the patron saint of childhood, whose fête day is the merriest in the Dutch calendar. It is a favourite trick of the father to disguise himself in mantle and beard and bring the children their presents.

At Amsterdam during the last week of August, the boys have a unique privilege, for the Beurs or Exchange is thrown open to them as a playground, and where the "bulls" and "bears" have sported with the finances of the world, the innocent "kids" gambol. Each boy has a drum, and the banging beats the din in any of the Bourses of Europe.

The tradition says that they owe this great romping-ground to the fact that some boys playing there in 1622 accidentally overheard a conspiracy of the Spaniards against Amsterdam.

The village feasts and the Kermesses have been painted by Teniers and Jan Steen, and are still as lively, nor have the peasants changed their clothes. But as regards the towns, it is only in the outskirts of the larger that you may still see the sabots, the gay skirts and the quaint head-dresses of the women. These head-dresses are Holland's most original contribution to the world's fancy costume ball.

A Friesland peasant woman sports not only a gold or silver helmet fitting like a skull-cap, but large metal corkscrews or other ornaments depending on either side of the forehead. Perhaps something of the old joy of life is disappearing with the old costumes. In the paintings of Jozef Israëls the gaiety of the old Dutch masters is replaced by a quiet domesticity, a homely

pathos. Old women still peel potatoes, but the potatoes are without the salt of enjoyment.

A thing that struck me much in the Ryks Museum of Amsterdam was a flag or two captured from the English in the days of the great sea fights of Cromwell's days, when Van Tromp swept the Channel with a disdainful broom at his masthead. An Englishman is so accustomed to the naval supremacy of his country and to the spectacle of waves ruled by Britannia that he is startled to be reminded so graphically that other nations may treasure in their museums the trophies they have wrested from him.

The Dutch tobacconists tell curious stories against their English customers, that they are horrified at the idea of buying penny cigars, because in England it is only the lower classes that smoke such cheap cigars. It is really a remarkable example of the Englishman's insularity; he is unable to realise that there is no intrinsic price for tobacco, and that the absence of duty in Holland enables cigars to be sold at a penny which in England would be worth at least fivepence.

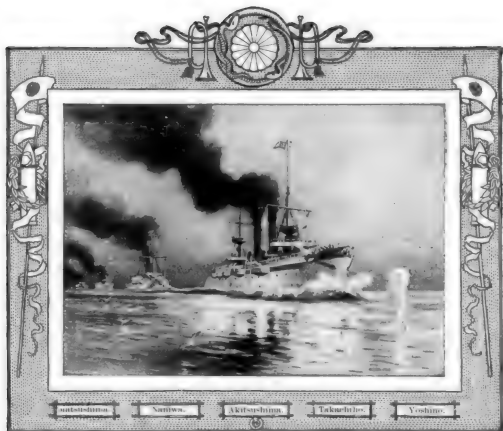
"We have to give them the same cigars out of another box, and charge them fivepence," a tobacconist told me.

Nevertheless, there are plenty of other things that are dear in Holland, and that lessen the profits of "lecturing to the Dutch." The hotels are neither cheap nor good, but the root of the evil is the coinage.

The gulden, which is the standard coin, is worth about one shilling and eightpence, whereas in France and Italy the standard coin is only worth tenpence. It seems absurd, but in practice it works out that you spend the same number of standard coins, whatever their value, and that you can therefore travel twice as cheaply in France as in Austria or Holland.

In England, where you regulate yourself, or where prices are regulated by shillings, you spend just a little more than in France. In America you are apt to go by dollars, so that an Englishman will find himself spending four times as much as if he stopped at home. And this very nearly happened to me when I lectured to the Transatlantic descendants of the Dutch.





The Japanese Flying Squadron and the leading ship of the Principal Squadron in line ahead.

THE SWORD OF HIS FATHER.

BY ADACHI KINNOSEKÉ.

Author of "Iroka: Tales of Japan."

A STORY OF THE JAPANESE-CHINESE WAR.



AR away on the horizon, from beneath the purple and dream-like bed-quilts, it woke and opened its large, blue eyes, the 17th of September, 1894. Ah! I see the very mention of it affects you.

True, it's a darling of History now, but then we couldn't tell it from any other fine day. Beautiful! Well, yes, in that it was utterly unlike all other days.

The sea—older than tradition—is a little maid after all. All her girlishness

was on her dimpling face that morning. She laughed, giggled, and sang: according to the humour of breezes, changeful as the heart of man.

"*Shikataga nei* (Can't be helped)!" He was laughing. "They have misplaced their tails. And I don't wonder at all that China's august braves cannot come out straight—with their heads in front. Ha! ha! ha!"

"A-ha-ha-ha!" I laughed heartily with him.

How tired we were, looking for the Chinese forever and forever! The Japanese squadrons were steaming



Then it was that we entered into the queer place over the gateway of which, Dante tells us, is the warning to leave hope behind.

leisurely out of a harbour of the Haiyang Island "in line ahead." The Yoshino was leading the Flying Squadron, and the flag of Rear-Admiral Tsuboi Kozo, languid on the halyard, was flirting gently with the winds. My eyes—as they generally are when I am dreaming—were wandering afar. On the port bow, far down the horizon, there was something which made my eyes jump. Smoke! And sure enough there was a signal on the Yoshino.

"Look! look! look!" I exclaimed.

There was a pause—stormy, silent, dead.

"*Tei-koku bansai!* Nihon's navy ten thousand years!" Yamaji shouted.

A minute—and aboard every ship the "officer's call" and "action" flew out merrily and away from the bugles.

They fairly flew, the Yoshino, the Takachiho, the Akitsushima, the Nan-*iwa*. The Japanese impatience was their speed. "At full speed," so reads our official report; at "perhaps twice our speed," so says Commodore McGiffin, who commanded the *Cheq Yuen*. The Principal Squadron heeled the Flying Squadron closely. What a sight that was from our military top!

"The twelve Japanese ships," wrote a gentleman who fought against us, "forming apparently a single line, and preserving station and speed throughout most beautifully, could not but excite a feeling of admiration." This same man had said—it may be interesting for some of you to know—not many weeks before the day of battle: "We are now on our way with six good ships to meet the enemy to-morrow, and I hope we will sink the dogs!"

All is but a memory now, and yet, laugh as much as you please, I can hardly write about it. Nervous, you ask?—well, you see me tremble—that is right. The faintest dream of it swells my heart right up into my throat and chokes me. Whether I close my eyes, or keep them wide open, it is all the same. The picture—just as I saw it from the military top of the *Hiyei* and by his side—is before me, every detail of it. The huge slices of snow-spray

which the cut-waters ploughed in the emerald field, the turbulent fountains at the rudders, the boiling streams flowing therefrom between the banks of foam, and those ships, trim in their new Sabbath coats of paint, ribboned with the signal flags of many colours, and over all, high up in the sky, at the mast-heads, the national ensigns waving and flapping their greetings to the unseen spectators (perhaps on the star-worlds far away), and the sea laughing all about us, and the autumn sun winking saucily from every dimple of a ripple and all! A wedding march of sea gulls, one might have said, watching our ships in line ahead. And a bridal party they were, to be sure! We were going to meet the groom, the formidable *Pei Yang* Squadron. Everybody had heard the name. Mothers had used it to scare the babies into a more philosophical frame of mind.

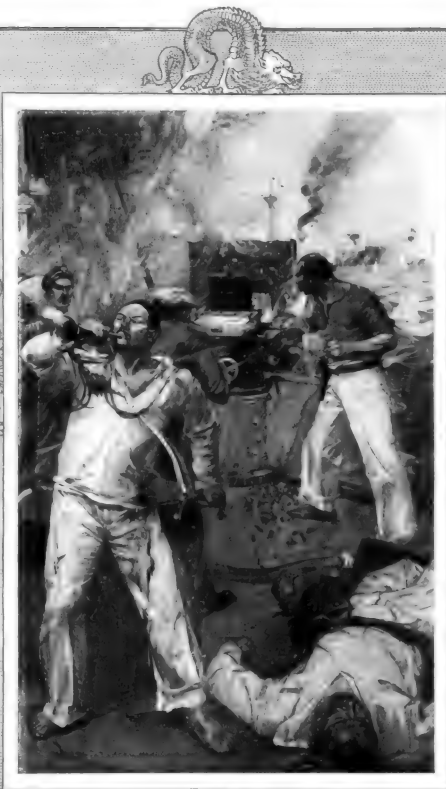
How jolly they were, those Chinese whales, in their fresh buntings, under the new yellow flags! A blunt wedge in formation to the eyes of distance, they steamed out to meet us, those gay gallants, with black plumes of smoke swaying gracefully to the lee. Did one ever see a rendezvous more gala-like?

"Sixty-five hundred yards . . . sixty-three hundred . . . sixty-one . . . sixty . . . fifty-nine hundred!"

12.22 P.M. — "Fifty-eight hundred yards!"

A huge cotton-like cloud, pierced with a lightning flash, belched out from the *Ting Yuen's* starboard barbette. It thundered. Not very far ahead of the Yoshino a geyser was born, all of a sudden. A white column of water stood against the skies. The other Chinese ships followed suit—a perfect fury of roar. What a thunderous reception for the bride—white and silent!

For five minutes, under the incessant Chinese fire, the Japanese were perfectly silent. Maybe you, chatting by the side of your Mary in the kindly gloaming, this Sunday evening, think it a rather short time. Time passed a little differently with those impatient Japanese gunners. The distance was fast being eaten up. "Thirty-three hun-



He . . . raised his bugle to his lips and blew . . . signal after signal.

dred yards!" The longer hand of a clock was just approaching 12.30. Then the Japanese guns opened their iron throats and spake. When they did reply, there seemed to be a great deal of conviction in their voice.

"Look yonder!" shouted I, my eyes strained on the Ting Yuen through the dense smoke, my fingers signalling my exultation and surprise to the universe at large. The upper part of the Ting Yuen's largest mast was gone. The 32-centimetre from the Matsushima had paid a very jarring visit to it.

Time, 12.58. The Chinese fleet looked for signals at the flag-ship, the Ting Yuen. In place of commands, the sad stump of the mast was weeping in ashes. How could the Chinese act in concert and keep their formation when no chicken with its head chopped off is expected to walk straight?

"What, the head gone? So early!" remarked he, solemn and dry as a commencement sermon, my friend Yamaji.

The Wakamatsu Castle was proud of Yamaji's father now of old. His Majesty, the *Ten-nō*, in those days, was courting flowers and poetry behind the purple curtain in the quiet of the Kyoto palace, far away from the markets and war. The *shōgun*, the military regent, was the captain and helm of the country. Eighteen hundred and sixty-eight came, and with it one of the most radical of revolutions. We, sitting cross-legged in the lap of the New Japan, look back at the year, and call it *O-ji-shin*, "great earthquake." The feudalism in Japan was a pale mirage of a dream; the Tokugawa shōgunate was a straw pagoda caught in a storm all of a sudden. Those were sad days for some of the clansmen.

They fought under the same flag, Yamaji's father and mine, under the flag of the *shōgun*. They died in the same castle, in the same twilight of that same unkindly day which fell upon them in benediction from the patriarchal pines. They were *samurai*, and *samurai*-like they committed *hara-kiri* and paid their last debt of gratitude.

Sang a Chinese poet, once long ago :

"When the snow is heavy on the boughs, then, for the first time, we know the colour of the pine." The Wakamatsu Castle was one of the evergreens. The imperial arms under the royal "brocade banners," turned northward. Castle after castle fell. "The wind was on the rice-field," wrote the historian of the time. The thirst for conquest is a sort of fire, and no amount of oil poured upon it will quench it. And the imperial victories were the most combustible of oil.

Many said: "What is the use? Resist that avalanche of the imperial army? You are joking. Shed the blood of so many noble *samurai* for nothing? What nonsense! Does not His Majesty offer the most liberal and honourable of terms? Those who surrender—mark the words of his august edict!—shall go unmolested and without penalty of any kind. More than that, does not His Majesty decree that the officers of his new Government shall be chosen irrespective of their past fidelity to the Tokugawa Bakufu, and solely on the basis of merit?"

All of which was true. And yet, there were *samurai* who, like a faithful wife, were truly wedded to the course of the shōgunate to see two paths where duty led them. Call them misguided, and you may be right. Foolish, if you please, and many other names, my clever friends; but one thing was certain: ingrates they never were. Neither did they perjure themselves. Had not the Tokugawa shōgun clothed, fed, trained, dignified, honoured them; and for over two hundred and fifty years, them and their ancestors? They did not, could not, forget that. Did they not swear at the altar of *samurai*'s honour that they would spell out their gratitude to their *daimyo* and shōgun with letters, not of ink, but of their best blood, ruddy and warm with their life? Japanese history had been proud to record many a name of *samurai* who had sacrificed his wife, his children, his own life, and all for the cause of loyalty. And they, the *samurai* of 1868, bore the same proud names.

Remember also, however much they



The upper part of the Ting Yuen's largest mast was gone.

might be in error, they had a firm conviction—and sincere as truth in it, too—that right was on their side. They never lifted their swords—that is to say, as they looked at it—against His Majesty, the *Ten-nō*. They were fighting against the foul advisers who “tacked His Majesty under their arms and dictated to the world” in his august name; that was all.

“I offer this to you,” said the last breath of my father, as he handed me his sword; “draw and honourably look at it. Are there any stains? None? And so is my soul and my conscience and my honour.”

The sword was as pure as the heart of a god!

The Wakamatsu Castle fell. And in that chamber of Karasu where his father committed *hara-kiri* Yamaji was present—a witness of the scene of tears and blood, even an actor in it—in his mother's arms. He was three months old.

The act was committed. His blood was on the snow-white of his ceremonial robe. A perfect, stoic, calm, and as much above pain and death as the Fuji's

snow is above the stains of the sewer! That, then, was the last and the greatest conquest of a *samurai*, victory over death and pain. And am I placed under the necessity of defending this flower-act of a brave soul, who scorned death and rewards alike and was mindful only of duty and of the honour of a *samurai*—of defending such an act—a “barbarous” act? There are some, so they tell me, who, when they are butchered like dogs under the sabres of their enemies, shriek, groan, and cry, as if death were the most unexpected thing on a battlefield. And, moreover, I am told that they wear the soldier's uniform. There are some also, I have heard it said, who congratulate themselves—aye, receive the congratulations from their friends with beaming faces, too—on their lucky escape. “Lucky!” Just think of it—and strut about through the streets the rest of their lives doing nothing but write “Colonel” or “General” bigger and bigger, and sound it louder and louder still on top of their names. And if my ears deceive me not badly, there are a lot of people who call these gentlemen the heroes of the battle of so-and-so! And certainly they may be right. But I digress.

“Nearer—nearer,” whispered the dying *samurai* to his wife.

“Taro,” he said, as she approached

him closely and presented their child to the dying husband. "Taro" is the given name of Yamaji. The father placed his blood-stained finger on the baby's forehead.

"I die for and with Bakufu—in order to answer for its gracious favours. The debt is paid. And now I dedicate my child to the Heaven - emperor, His Majesty. May——"

His breath failed him; his heart was silent.

The silent tears from his mother's eyes did not erase the blood seal on the baby's forehead.

When he was about five years of age his mother took him into the shrine of the Ujigami (local deity), and within hearing of the solemn hymns of the sacred cataract dedicated him anew, in the presence of the god, to the cause of His Majesty.

Ten years later, on a moonlit, silver night, the metal mirror peeping through the open work of the shrine of the local deity saw a young man near where the mother had dedicated her five-year-old Yamaji. The mother discovered—and it must have been about that time—that her son held a daily converse with the mortuary tablet of her husband, as if he were talking with the living. When she happened to catch him as he came out of the family shrine, she noted plain traces on his face and in his eyes of tears, which he could not wipe away.

The Japanese Flying Squadron had steamed past the Chinese right flank. They were respectful enough to all the Chinese ships, the polite Japanese that they were, but especially so to the Chao Yung and the Yang Wei. The Japanese compliment was a little too warm for the poor Yang Wei. And yet it is not in the nature of some Chinese—so they, the naughty-tongued, tell me—to refuse anything when it is given them. She was in flames. We could see her—a picture hung against the wall, of some misty hue—over the sea. The smoke veiled it. The smoke framed it. She was a beautiful, appetising sight, was that ship. That was the finest bonfire I have seen in all my life, and I have

seen a few thousands of them, more or less.

They were already porting, those four vessels of the Flying Squadron—thundering, lightening, smoking like volcanoes, under the huge black umbrellas stretched from their smoke-stacks, and the graceful mass of lace-like smoke trailing court-lady fashion at their heels.

The Matsushima, at the head of the Principal Squadron, reached the Chinese right, and was just flanking it. And a gay treat of a heavy cross-fire was that to which she was treating the Chao Yung. It was, in all conscience, too much. Had not the Flying Squadron treated her politely enough? She appreciated the attentions rather warmly, and her enthusiasm burst out in blazing, towering smoke—on fire!

Our ship, Hiyei, was the last in the Principal Squadron, the slowest in speed (thirteen knots) except the Akagi, a gunboat of 615 tons. We had engaged the Chen Yuen and other ships of the Chinese left. We were just ahead of the Chinese flag-ship, the Ting Yuen. The distance between us and the rest of the line was increasing. Rather than invite the fire of the two ironclads, the Ting Yuen and the Chen Yuen, and of the King Yuen and the Ching Yuen; rather than, after all that, risk failing to join the squadron, as she surely must, for there was no tempering the speed of the rest of the ships in line ahead; rather than be sunk in an ignoble running-away fight; rather than——

Pierce the Chinese line—and why not?—save the ship, if possible, and join the Principal Squadron on the other side!

Captain Sakura Kikunosuké stood on the bridge. Off to the starboard quarter the two Chinese ironclads were bearing down upon us. He pointed at them. "Between them!" he cried.

The din of the few hundred cannon, so demonstrative of their affection; the dense smoke, in volume enough to make a decent pall for a good-sized genie; the frequent, and so often sudden, shower-baths of shot and shell which you had to take whether you would or no—these and the ghastly sight of the human

butcher-shop all around are not the most suitable things to keep a man's head clear. To run the gauntlet of the Chinese line between those ironclads! That, at least, was not a coward's programme. To follow the chord of the arc, and join the Principal Squadron—the only way of salvation for the Hiyei—on the other

pang of the loss. But then, what of the national dignity, the lustre of the Sun-flag, which are, by great odds, more important than his life? And in all the black list of crimes none, surely, is darker for soldiers than disobeying an order, or (which amounts to the same thing) acting independently on a course



A thick column rose from the quarter-deck and poop, genie fashion. . . . The ship was on fire.

side! That, say what you please, was no vision which a slow-witted muddle-head would see.

Did the flag-ship signal the Hiyei to follow any such course? Suppose she should be blown to powder, or sunk outright! Does not the captain know well enough the solicitude of Vice-Admiral Ito, the commander-in-chief of the squadrons, for the preservation of all the ships? Oh, if things come to the worst, of course he, for one, would not live to see the disgrace and suffer the

so critical as that! Few, very few others had done anything of the kind before him. Nelson was one of them. Captain Sakura's name will enter the catalogue of the names of the few.

When Yamaji noted the change in the course of the Hiyei and understood what it meant, he said, "Sons of *samurai*!"

I was called below.

We steamed in at full speed, letting loose the very fury from our broadsides as we went, by way of an applause to

the memory of the good old chop-me-up-and-I-will-split-you-open, gallant days when the line of battle was a series of duels of ships battering away at each other till one of them struck its flag. What a *mélée* that was! That beautiful sheet of water, which scarce an hour before was as smooth and transparent as the brow of my lady, how it was churned, dug, whipped, and scarred! We could hardly believe our own eyes. There never was a worse smallpox than the hailstorm of projectiles. I acknowledge those Chinese knew how to pay respects that were due from them and return the compliments paid them. They fired at us point-blank. And as the commander of the Chen Yuen writes, "It was utterly impossible to miss."

"Eleven hundred yards . . . eleven hundred . . . nine hundred and ninety yards!" The voice was resonant, deep, and rose above the din, and was clear as the wedding-bell. Yamaji was shouting down from the top.

Much depended on him, on the correctness of his mathematics, on the clearness of his head. Let his calculation run off at a tangent, and a pretty mad riot there would have been among the shot and shell!

"Eight hundred and eighty yards . . . seven hundred and seventy . . . five hundred and fifty . . . five hundred and fifty!"

Then it was that we entered into the queer place over the gateway of which, Dante tells us, is the warning to leave hope behind. The beautiful autumn day, dreamy on the historic Yellow Sea of the poets, was suddenly hurled into the primordial chaos where the sun has not yet been born. I came upon a bugler. He was pulling out a jagged piece of an exploded shell from his body. His uniform was dyed, and it did not take a doctor to tell how painful and dangerous was the wound. "Below! Go down below!" said I, pointing to the surgeon.

Judge my surprise when he, ignoring my orders altogether, raised his bugle to his lips and blew, actually blew, signal after signal. I was speechless. The blood gushed out with every breath. A minute later, as I passed him, I saw a

surgeon's assistant by his side. "Come this way," the man was saying.

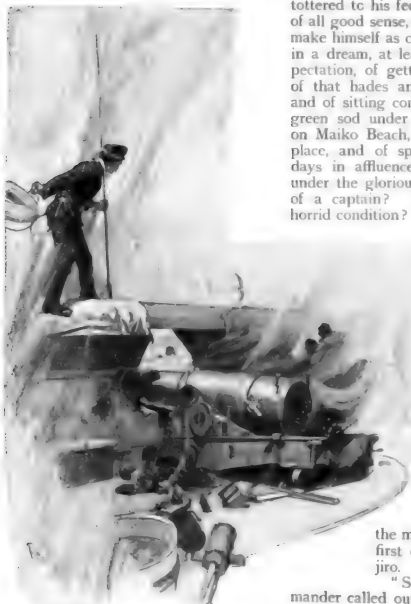
"Thanks," said the bugler in answer to the invitation, "but my duty is to stand right here at my post, and therefore—"

He had no time to say more. A shell struck his head from behind, and flung it into the sea. A curling smoke of spray, a tiny whirlpool, and then expansive circles of eddies on the slope of a swelling billow—they were all, the only monument left of the memory of the heroic unknown. And even these, a few seconds afterward, as the line shots kicked up a stupendous wall of spray and foam—even these very transitory mementoes which, if one might call them such, marked, tomb-like, the last spot whence the bugler took his leap into the infinite beyond—even these eddies, I say, were stormed out of sight.

I thought that my arms, both of them, were pretty well occupied, especially just at that time. But a steel shot thought otherwise, and, kindly, and thoughtfully enough, it came and relieved me of one of them. A shell burst just then on the other side of the mainmast from where we stood. A piece struck my comrade on the back. I caught him as he fell in my remaining arm. And with him and with the bleeding stump of my left arm, I dashed down into an officer's mess-room, which, for the time being, was converted into a surgeon's ward.

As I almost tumbled down into the room, I jerked myself into a dead halt. What a sight that was! A shell had entered. There was a good-sized lake in the centre of the room that had red water in it. And the whole medical staff (yes, to a man) lying there with the wounded who had been carried in, all heaped in piles, made an embankment for the ruddy lake of respectable thickness and height. I forgot to unburden myself of the almost lifeless body of my comrade, and stood there, stone-like, for a few seconds.

I heard a sound which was not exactly a groan. It came from a heap in a corner, a monstrosity of mutilation. The



With all my might I threw it towards him.

fire had stripped his head and eyebrows clean naked, and one could by no means tell where his nose might have been. What an appalling rag of flesh did he wear for his face! "There is the medicine you want—there." That thing could speak! But that hand of his which he raised to point out the place of the medicine!

The unhappy man thought, it was very evident, that he was the only survivor of the entire medical staff. He must serve his fellow comrades. He alone could direct, none else. So he

tottered to his feet. Why, in the name of all good sense, didn't he lie quiet and make himself as comfortable as possible, in a dream, at least, if not in solid expectation, of getting hauled safely out of that hades and healed by-and-bye, and of sitting comfortably there on the green sod under the shades of a pine on Maiko Beach, or some other kindly place, and of spending his remaining days in affluence on his pension and under the glorious gold-corded uniform of a captain? Why get up in that horrid condition? Didn't he have sense

enough to know that his veins would be all empty of blood within five minutes at most?

Just then Lieutenant-Commander Sakamoto To-shiatsu stepped into the room. The officer recognised the man, by his uniform, of course, not by his face, to be

the medical attendant of the first class, Miyashita Sukejiro.

"Sukejiro," the commander called out to him, "your words and deeds show that you are truly a valiant man. I see what a loyal subject of the Emperor you are. If you die, your name shall never die. Be assured, I will take care of that."

"Are you the Staff Commander? As the Honourable Presence sees, that shell almost finished me. I regret that my hands and feet obey my bidding no longer. I truly regret that I can do no more for the Sun-flag and His Majesty."

Out of the surgeon's ward and scarcely three steps on the starboard quarter, I was rushing back to my post, when something like a bloody moon burst right over my head, a thunder

roared, and chaos followed. Another shell! That was all — and who can spare time to notice such a trifling matter?

Then I heard the commander exclaim: "Look, look at him! He acts as if the eyes of the eight million gods were upon him! Would that all Japan were witnessing him!"

Eyes were turned to the military top. A shell struck a corner of it, and my friend Yamaji was hoisted out of it as if the top were a petard. He was a terrible sight—his hair singed, his coat smoking. He alighted on the shroud just below the top. Well, you ought to have seen him then! Agile as the professional monkey of a juggler, he leaped back again into the top.

"Five hundred and fifty yards!" he shouted down. Oh, nothing had happened to him; that is to say, to his way of thinking. Something robbed him of his signal flags and a lump of flesh from his left shoulder.

"Blaze away!" he shouted to the gunners still remaining in the top. One might have thought from the strength of his voice that he was waking from the dead.

There was a hearty laugh below, on the bridge. And how utterly ill-timed did it sound amid that tremendous concert of shots, in that pandemonium of fire and blood.

Yamaji did look mirth-provoking. But with that steadiness of nerve, that presence of mind, that utter indifference to the hot-breathed threats of the whizzing shells passing and re-passing an inch ahead of his nose and through the bodies of his comrades—ah, what a sublime sight he was, if you could but stop long enough to think of it!

Let the truth be told. The commander was right when he remarked that the boy was acting to spectators: only it was not the eyes of the eight million gods. The eyes he felt burning on every action of his were those of a man—then dead a long time, whose name even was being forgotten by some of his own clansmen—his father. What seemed to observers intrepidity and daring gone mad, was nothing but a

prayer in Yamaji's heart. What seemed a miracle to the officers below on the bridge, was a mere translation of that little sentence, spoken some twenty-four years before, within a doomed castle, under the shadow of defeat and by a man bowing down on his sword and committing *hara-kiri*: "I dedicate my child to the Heaven-emperor, His Majesty."

I said that his mother's tears did not erase the blood seal upon the baby brow; neither did those twenty-four years.

"Six hundred and sixty yards . . . six hundred and sixty yards . . . seven hundred and seventy yards . . . eight hundred and eighty!"

Slow and old as the ship was, she was running at her topmost speed. She had passed and was astern the Chinese line. She was under a heavy cloak of smoke. A thick column rose from the quarterdeck and poop, genie fashion. It rolled clear up to the mizzen-top, swelling, belching, fatter and fatter. The ship was on fire!

The Chinese wanted to know whether we were done for or not; and, by way of ascertaining it, they sent a deadly messenger. The shot crashed through our upper works.

I was fighting the flames instead of the Chinese at that time. And down, right in front of me, rained a heap of flesh, apparently out of the clear sky. An unsightly mass of jelly—and that was all that was left of a gallant runner. The shot tore almost half of the top away, and carried it into the sea.

There was no occasion, really, for me to get irritated. Surely I have lived in this funny world long enough to find out that smoke is the most contrary-souled nuisance in the world. But I wanted to see the remaining part of the military top. How about Yamaji? Was he there, that miracle of luck who flew in the face of Providence every chance he had? I was anxious; I wanted to see; but the smoke said no. And thereupon, how furiously mad I got!

At last I spied the ruin of the top,

Not a shadow of anything living or dead. Naturally enough my eyes shot at the spot where the half of the top jumped into the sea and so foolishly drowned itself. There rose out of the water, a little beyond the spot, a head, then the shoulder, of a man. It was Yamaji!

Frantic, forgetful even of my duty, of the fire I was fighting, of the battle, of my life, of everything, I rushed to a lifebuoy. I cut it, and with all my might I threw it towards him. But the ship was passing fast.

In a corner of Aoyama Cemetery, on a plot where the sod is ever green, fenced in with a rail of iron taken from the wreck of a Chinese man-of-war, there stands a marble shaft. No one sleeps under it. Cut into the sheen of that stone, white as a *samurai's* honour, is the name of one of my friends. Beneath the name you can read (whenever you would like to go there, I will show it to you) this:

"Dedicated by his father to His Majesty, the Emperor of Japan."



SHOOTING STARS.

BY THE BARONESS DE BERTOUC.

Speed away! away!
 Over vale and blue-tipp'd mountain,
 Over stream and shady fountain,
 Past the moon, and thro' the gloaming,
 Wildly whirling, idly roaming;
 Where the lights of earth are gleaming,
 And its lovers lay a-dreaming,
 Farther! Faster! Speed and follow
 Over hill, and over hollow,
 Resting light on Neptune's pillow,
 In the bosom of the billow;
 Where the sea doth wed the river,
 And the night-nymphs quake and quiver,
 Lest the cold grey lips of Dawning,
 Wake his rosy spouse, The Morning,
 "Sweetest! It is Day!"

CONCERNING

EXHIBITIONS.

BY

HAROLD MACFARLANE.

EXHIBITIONS date from the last century — *not* as made in Germany — but the exhibition as we know it owes its origin to the indefatigable exertions of the late Prince Consort, who in 1851 successfully engineered what was practically the first International show in London, and this enterprise achieved so extraordinary a triumph as judged by contemporaneous standards that no decade since that date has passed without at least two similar organisations.

In our first diagram, we show at a glance by the lengths of the black columns, which are all drawn to the same scale, how the number of visitors to each of the great exhibitions from 1851 onwards, in all parts of the world, compare with one another, and how they in turn compare with the number of visitors to the Paris Exhibition of 1900, upon the building of which a veritable army of 600,000 men were engaged. In the left hand margin a scale is given by which some interesting comparisons can be made; thus we see that the estimated—we are writing before the actual close of the exhibition—number of visitors to this year's show (the estimates ranged between forty and sixty-four million

visitors, and sixty-five million tickets of admission, it may be mentioned, were printed and sold by the authorities), which amounts to about fifty-two million souls, is practically equivalent to the total population of Germany, and is equal to the total number of people visiting the London Exhibitions of '51 and '62, the Paris Exhibitions of '55 and '67, the Vienna and Philadelphia Exhibitions plus those who saw the Fisheries, Inventions, and Naval Exhibitions.

Should the mean of the estimates be justified, then for about a couple of hundred days on an average two hundred and sixty thousand individuals, equal to every man, woman and

With the five hundred odd tons of gold that the visitors to the Paris Exhibition will have left behind, a pathway of golden money, six sovereigns wide, could be laid down, extending from Charing Cross to Paris.

child in Darlington, Exeter, Great Yarmouth, Grimsby, Hartlepool, Jarrow, and Runcorn, will each day have passed through the gates. It may here be mentioned that the greatest number of people visiting a Paris Exhibition in one day was, prior to this year's show, 400,000 in

The largest passenger boat in the world, The Deutschland, which has recently been launched at Stettin, will carry a crew of 550 men and 3,667 passengers; if we were desirous of carrying all the visitors to the Paris Exhibition at once, giving them the same space as The

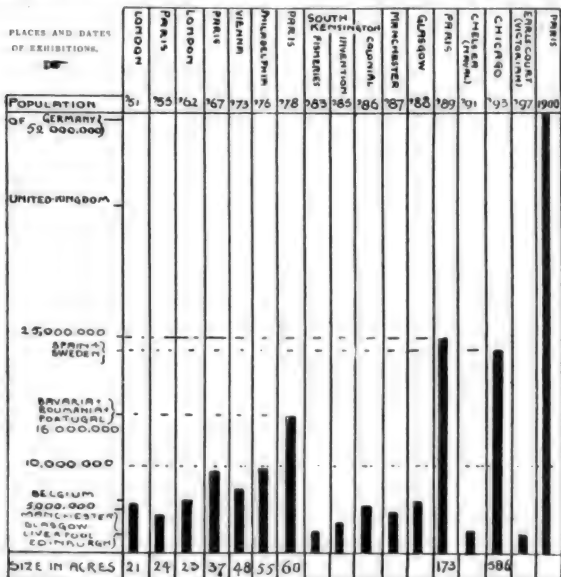


Fig. 1.—How the number of visitors to each of the Great Exhibitions (from 1851) compare with one another and with the populations of various nations.

1889, when in the aggregate the visitors totalled 25,000,000, but in 1893 713,646 people assembled during the same time at the Chicago Exhibition, which had over three times the area of the '89 Exhibition, and on last September 9, the same being a Sunday, no less than 600,000 persons, a European record, passed through the turnstiles giving entrance to this year's show.

Deutschland affords to each individual, our steamer, which is shown in Fig. 2, would have to possess a tonnage of over two hundred and eighty millions, and its proportions, following the ordinary formula of steamers, would be about 17,900 feet long, over a quarter of a mile broad (to be accurate five hundred and sixty yards), and 1,147 feet deep; thus, as we see from our diagram, she would ex-

tend from Paddington Station to Ludgate Circus, and make even the Oceanic (she is portrayed, drawn to the same scale, under the stern of the mammoth vessel) look small. As for the breadth and height of the vessel, we present a

with one another, and also the state of affairs when the balance-sheet was made up. In the left hand margin we show a column of £5 Bank of England notes soaring to the height of 115 feet, and representing £2,000,000 sterling—this

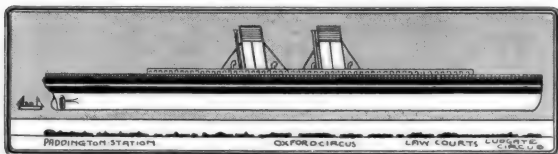


Fig. 2.—A ship capable of carrying all the visitors to the Paris Exhibition at once would extend from Paddington Station to Ludgate Circus. The little boat drawn for contrast is the Oceanic, each of whose funnels is sufficiently large to accommodate four ordinary tramcars, two cars being placed above the other two.

section of it in Fig. 3, and, having placed Westminster Abbey and the Eiffel Tower inside, let the disparity in size between them and her speak for the same. In our fourth diagram, we have marshalled the visitors to the latest world's show in rows of seventeen, each row being a yard in advance of the one behind it; it will be observed that whereas the last row is just leaving Bordeaux, the people forming the front row are entering St. Petersburg, the remaining three million and fifty odd thousand rows being distributed over France, Belgium, Germany, and Russia.

In our fifth diagram we show how the receipts of the various great exhibitions during the last five decades compare

column, it will be observed, is considerably higher than the Cleopatra's Needle on the Thames Embankment; by comparing the heights of the various columns representing the receipts from the exhibitions with this column an idea can be obtained of the magnitude of the sums received from the public in the course

of a successful exhibition. It will be observed that the largest receipts for a British exhibition amounted to £448,632 in the case of the London show of 1862, but the result, as will be observed

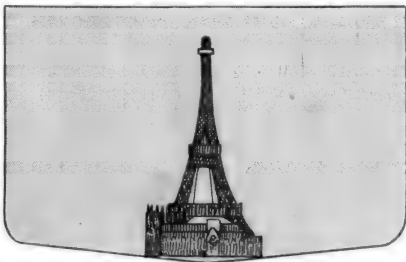


Fig. 3.—This shows the breadth and height of the vessel with Westminster Abbey and the Eiffel Tower inside.

in the lower portion of the Figure, ended in there being a debit balance of £10,000 when the final accounts were made up, the buildings, which the Government would not purchase for £80,000, costing a huge sum. The

1889 Paris Exhibition it will be observed closed its doors with a comfortable surplus of £320,000, but it should be mentioned that this pleasant state of affairs was to a considerable extent due to subsidies, the actual account reading as follows:—

Sale of Tickets	£980,000
Subsidy from City of Paris	£320,000
Subsidy from State	£680,000
	£1,980,000
Expenses	£1,660,000
Balance ...	£ 320,000

It is obvious that but for the subsidies there would have been a debit balance of £680,000, which, if not nearly as appalling as the deficit of 1878, would perhaps have rendered future exhibitions somewhat unpopular to the financier. The 1878 Exhibition at Paris, it may be mentioned, was visited by 16,100,000 people (an average of 82,000 daily), but notwithstanding the fact that the receipts, as we see by the diagram, amounted to £974,000, they failed to equal the expenditure by some £1,270,000. It is a somewhat peculiar coincidence that each of the three great exhibitions of the seventies resulted in a huge loss, a variety of circum-

stances over which the directors had no control, resulting in the deficit of the Vienna gathering amounting to almost two million pounds, and that of the Philadelphia Exhibition to over eight hundred thousand, compared to which our trifling loss over the Inventions in 1885 is a mere nothing.

The object of an International Exhibition is of course purely educational, the directors having the advancement of science and art ever before them, with the result that the building of such essentially artistic productions as the Eiffel Tower, the Great Wheel, and the upside-down house are duly encouraged; incidentally an International Exhibition brings a large sum of money from the provinces and abroad to the town in which it is held, a state of affairs that the authorities do not discourage: it has been estimated that on the occasion of the last French Exhibition the French railways enjoyed an increased revenue of over £3,000,000, the Post Office an increase of £320,000, the Octroi duties jumped up by £400,000, the theatre takings increased fifty per cent, and Paris was enriched by the very desirable sum of £50,000,000 — the amount the visitors left behind them. The

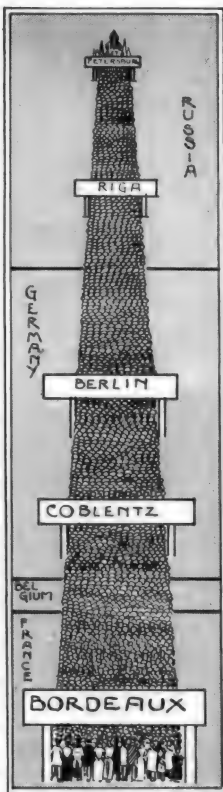


Fig. 4.—If the visitors were marshalled in rows of seventeen, each a yard in advance of the other, this is the territory they would cover.

generous impulse that constrains the City of Paris and the State to grant subsidies can now be understood: the subsidy is the sprat through whose agency the mackerel is caught.

According to the police returns, the number of visitors from the French Pro-

vinces and neighbouring nations to the 1889 Exhibition amounted to 6,500,000, the majority of whom came from the French departments; on the same basis, but allowing for the estimated increased number of visitors, we expect their total in the present year of grace

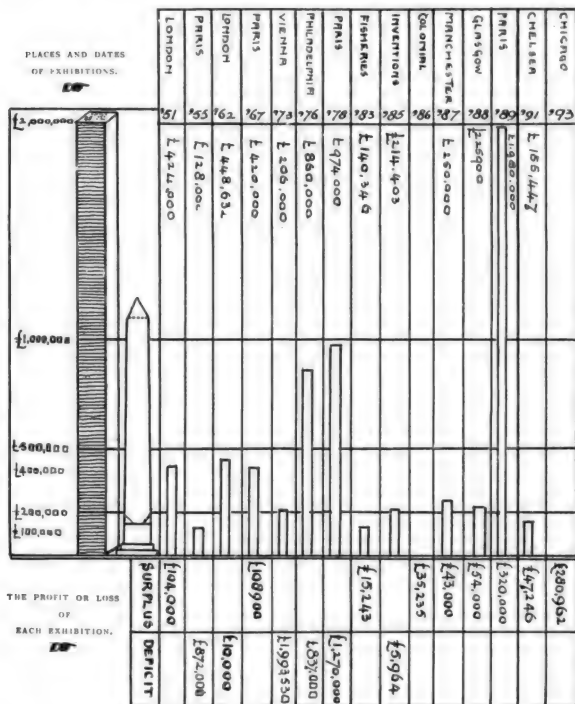
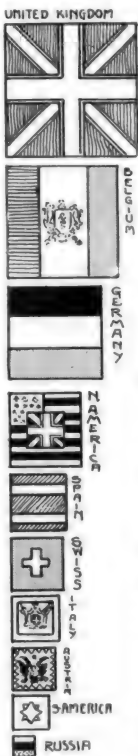


Fig. 5.—The receipts of the different Exhibitions compared with one another and with a column of £2,000,000's worth of £5 bank notes, which is nearly twice as high as Cleopatra's Needle.

amounted to 10,400,000, and in our sixth diagram we show by the sizes of the flags the proportion each country may be expected to have contributed to the total of purely foreign visitors who formed the guests ("paying," needless to say) of Paris. This diagram, it may be mentioned, is based on the 1889 figures, when 380,000 Britishers and 7,000 Russians invaded France; allowing for increased facilities for travelling, etc., our Gallic hostess cannot expect less than half a million British guests, who (if they do not disappoint her) will pay over four million pounds for their entertainment.

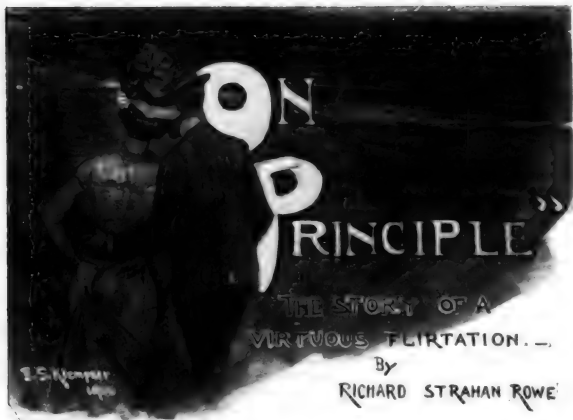
If six and a half million visitors left £50,000,000 behind them in Paris in 1889, it is only reasonable to suppose that ten and two-fifth millions would leave, in round figures, £80,000,000, which sum, if taken in sovereigns, would (see our title page) provide a pathway of these precious coins extending from Charing Cross to Paris; this pathway, which, if illuminated solely by the electric lamps used in the Exhibition grounds, would have lights placed at intervals of thirty yards all the way, would be a trifle over five inches wide, and would, to all intents and purposes, be six sovereigns wide. No wonder that an exhibition "makes for peace" when so rich a reward is at stake.



At the moment of writing there has just been brought to a close the most successful exhibition held in the Lake District, we refer to the Ruskin Exhibition at Coniston, that probably affords the most glaring contrast to the International show in Paris imaginable. Here we have one small building filled with the works of one individual, Coniston's grand old man—we use the adjective for the purpose of distinguishing him from Coniston's other old man, the mountain at whose foot the rival show to that at Paris nestles—whilst across the Channel a huge city of palaces has been erected, a city within a city, filled with the most cosmopolitan gathering the world has ever seen.

During the first eleven days of September, such was the "boom," no less than 3,000,000 paying visitors entered the grounds of Lutetia's Exposition, as compared with 1,800,000 in the corresponding period at the exhibition of 1889—how does this compare with Coniston's show? Well, the statistics of the latter were not published daily, but during the forty-eight days on which it was open no less than 10,500 enthusiasts passed its portals, that is to say in the course of eight weeks as many people paid their tribute to Ruskin's genius as entered the Paris Exhibition in the course of half an hour!

Fig. 6. — The flags are drawn in proportion to the number of visitors each nation contributed to the '89 Paris Exhibition, which proportion probably holds good in respect to the Exhibition of 1900.



THEY met, 'twas at a ball; and after that they were always meeting, everywhere.

Enid Dalmeny was the more interesting of the two; she had a soul—so had Fred Bullard, but his was less pronounced.

Enid wrote articles for a ladies' paper; not silly trifles about omelettes and chiffon ruches, but intellectual things respecting woman's sphere, her power and her approaching emancipation.

Enid's relatives read her articles, and thought them very clever indeed, although, at times, perhaps, just a little risky; and her mother felt exceedingly proud of her wonderful daughter, while she trembled at the freedom with which she discussed marriage and other things which old-fashioned people consider quite out of the realm of discussion.

Dancing was one of the feminine frivolities in which Enid indulged, and she excelled in it; so that it was no

wonder that poor Fred Bullard succumbed at the end of the first waltz, and followed her about ever afterwards. When he heard that she wrote, he bought her paper every week, and tried to understand what it was all about; fortunately for him there were theatrical reviews as well as graver matters, and Fred enjoyed these although the inwardness of Enid was frequently beyond him.

It may seem curious that a woman like Enid should care about a man like Fred, for he was undoubtedly ordinary; but he was also nice-looking, and even a woman on the threshold of emancipation likes a nice-looking man.

Then Fred admired her intensely, and never attempted to conceal the fact, and this was imputed unto him for righteousness. On the whole, the winter when Enid and Fred became acquainted was a very pleasant one for both. When the summer came again, Enid and her people went to the seaside

—Bostock-on-Cliff they selected—and Fred tried to persuade a chum of his that they had arranged, long ago, to go to Bostock too. The chum could not remember when the arrangement had been made, and thought it a strange thing that Fred should only recollect it when Miss Dalmeny was going away. Chums are not always nice. However, as the chum remarked, one place is as good as another, and if Fred did not flirt with Enid he would flirt with someone else, so they might as well go to Bostock as to any other place. Then the chum burst into a loud laugh, which in his case did not speak a "vacant mind," for he was much cleverer than Fred—almost as clever as Enid, in fact. But it was silly of the chum to laugh, for none of us knows what a day may bring forth, and certainly not what a summer holiday may have in store. Jack Gordon, however, like the little boys of whom Gray speaks, was "all unconscious of his fate." He never troubled himself about women, and was rather sorry for other chaps who did—he was particularly sorry for his chum, Fred. Indeed, Jack's sister was the only member of the sex for whom he entertained any affection; and he made up for his omissions in other quarters by lavishing it all upon her; this fact will prove that Jack was not only cleverer than Fred, but was quite extraordinary too.

If Fred must go to Bostock Jack would not mind coming as well; but if Jack went, his sister Lily must be included.

So it was arranged, and on a Saturday evening late in July the trio walked from their rooms to the pier, that being the correct thing to do at Bostock on a Saturday evening.

Many were the envious glances that were cast upon them. Men wanted to be added to the train of Lily's

admirers—for who could suppose that the two men with her were only her brother and another girl's swain? And the girls thought it very greedy of Lily to monopolise two young men, and both of them so nice looking!

Thus, the beheld of all beholders, they reached the pier.

The band was playing; but Fred had no ears for it. The sun was flashing on the blue and green water, but he had no eyes for it. He wanted Enid, and he would not be happy till he got her.

"Lil and I will listen to the band; but we shan't wait after ten, so don't worry about us, old man," said Jack.

"I'm not worrying," replied Fred, testily.



Enid wrote articles for a ladies' paper—Intellectual things.

"Then you ought to be," Lily interposed. "Now, don't be cross, and you needn't blush, because I know all about it, you see; so run away, like a good boy—you are sure to find her soon!"

Then Jack gave one of his aggravating loud laughs, and Lily echoed it with the prettiest of ripples; and Fred, in his discomfiture, almost thrust his hands into his trousers pockets, but recollected in time that he was wearing a new pair, and that he must not disturb the way they hung.

He sauntered round the bandstand, but Enid was not listening to the band.

He walked three times up and down the pier, but Enid was not promenading.

brow, and you have the picture which presented itself to Fred Bullard's admiring eyes.

His face lit up. He glanced down at his tan shoes; they were irreproachable. He gazed at the knees of his inexpressibles, and behold there was no bagging there. Like a violinist, his long fingers wandered along the edge of his kummbund, and there was nothing that needed adjusting. Then he advanced; he raised his hat and said:



The girls thought it very greedy to monopolise two young men.

At last, in desperation, he walked down the steps that led to the landing-stage, where people pretended to fish in the morning. Being evening it had become unfashionable, and was accordingly deserted; no, not quite deserted. There was a solitary figure leaning over the chains and abstractedly watching a large jelly fish that, like a submerged balloon, was gliding along in the translucent water.

Imagine Minerva in a blue skirt, a white blouse, and a red necktie, with a bewitching straw hat above her classic

"Good-evening, Enid."

"Oh, Fred!" There was a tone of reproach in the words that might have disconcerted him had he not seen the smile of pleasure which she could not entirely suppress.

"Aren't you glad to see me?" he asked in an injured manner.

"Yes, of course; but why did you come here?"

"Because you weren't upstairs."

"Don't be foolish, Fred; I mean, why did you come to Bostock at all?"

"Because you were here, Enid."

"It was very foolish of you, Fred."

"No it wasn't, Enid; excuse my contradicting you; but it wasn't."

"But, Fred, it was—it is. You won't enjoy your holiday a bit."

"Yes I shall, for you are here."

Fred drew very close to her, and the jelly fish, with excellent taste, withdrew.

It was rather a nice situation. Above them the band was playing a dreamy waltz, and no prying eyes were regarding them. Below them an ever moving mass of limpid green swayed up and down, and moaned mysteriously among the girders of the pier. In front of them, the sun was setting behind a headland that flashed purple and gold in its rays. So Enid did not answer, but remained watching the place from which the jelly fish had gone. Fred waited a

little while, and then repeated his remark:

"You are here, Enid."

"Yes, I know;" and two beautiful grey eyes slowly removed their gaze from the water, and looked at him.

"But you can't have me all day, Fred."

"Oh well, you know, there is Jack Gordon and his sister."

"Oh! then no doubt you will be very happy indeed!"

For an emancipated woman, the tone in which this was said was distinctly spiteful.

"I say, Enid, you know I don't care two straws about Lily Gordon. She is a nice girl, no doubt, and she is Jack's sister; so I like her for that. But there is only one woman in the world for me, Enid, and you know who she is!"

"I don't know whether a girl would care much for being queen in a world where she was the only woman."

"What do you mean?"

"This, Fred; that she would feel that she was only on sufferance, and that if another woman came

along she might easily be deposed. A woman likes to conquer, you know—not to be admired for want of a better!"

"But you have conquered, Enid. Surely you don't suppose I never saw



"Good-evening, Enid."

any other girls? I have seen something of the world, you know."

When a City clerk tells an emancipated woman that he knows something of the world, he must expect to be snubbed.

Enid smiled sweetly, and asked :

"Where?"

"Oh! in the City, you know; one doesn't go about with his eyes shut!"

"Oh yes he does, Fred. Now listen to me; you are a very nice boy, but you are young. You—now don't be offended—you have no position yet, and you won't have one for some years to come. If you are silly and fall in love and marry, you will probably never have a position at all. So be sensible, and don't look so romantic."

Anyone reading these words would think Enid a very nice, sensible girl, who was trying to check Fred in his wild career, nipping him in the bud for his own good, so to speak. But Fred had to listen to the words *viva voce*; and the modulations of Enid's voice did not check him; when she sighed between the words it did not nip him in the bud. The jelly fish had come back, but Fred was too far gone to think about its feelings. He said:

"But, Enid, I love you!"

There are certain advantages in a landing stage for love-making. If the young man wants to kiss the lady she cannot struggle, or both would probably fall over and be drowned. Enid was a sensible girl, and, knowing the risk of resistance, allowed Fred to kiss her.

"Foolish boy," she said.

"Never so wise as when I am with you—when I tell you I love you—I love you—I love you."

Enid remembered a play in which these words were repeated, just as Fred had done. The intonation of his voice also revealed the fact that Fred had seen that play. But Enid would not mar a beautiful situation by unkindly quoting act and scene. She pretended that she thought that Fred was quite original; she sighed, and their hands remained clasped together.

"You have not told me that you love me," said Fred.

Poor fellow! he was not acting now. He was in deadly earnest; his voice shook, his hand trembled, his eyes seemed absolutely burning with passion. Enid felt a great compassion for him, and just a little afraid of him too. And the mysterious moaning among the girders seemed to grow louder as the light failed. A cool breeze swept over the sea and fanned their faces, and Enid relapsed into the real woman, just for once.

"Oh, Fred; try not to care for me so much—I am not really worth it. Wait a little longer, and some day you will meet a girl better fitted for you in every way. For myself, I shall never marry; I have quite decided that. Would you make love to a nun?"

"But you aren't a nun, Enid; you are flesh and blood like me; just say you love me, and I will work my fingers to the bone to make you my wife!"

"You poor, dear Fred, can't I say anything to comfort you? Try to be quiet for a little, and I will try. You love me in the old-fashioned way—very beautiful, no doubt—but it isn't my way. Your love means a wife, and all the cares of a household, does it not? I tell you solemnly, Fred, I can and will never be wife to any man. I am wedded to Intellect as the nun is wedded to the Church. If I said 'I love you,' you would think that it was only a matter of time and I should be your wife."

"Oh, say you love me, Enid, in whatever way you like, but say you love me. Enid, you *do* love me!"

"Yes, Fred, I love you, but it is in *my* way, and I doubt that it is a way in which you love me at all. I fear our souls are not on the same plane. Oh! the pity of it if one should be 'ever more a life behind!'"

"I don't understand in the least what you mean, Enid. I know you said something like that in your 'Hymen's Victims,' last week, but I had to give it up."

"Oh! will you never understand?"

"I might, if you will explain things. But surely there is only one way of loving people. And if you love me—you said you did—why, it must be all right."

"No, Fred, it is not what you mean by



Knowing the risk of resistance, she allowed Fred to kiss her.

all right. Could you love me in the intellect alone? That is how I love. Could you love me still if we had no eyes to gaze upon each other—no ears to hear—no tongues to speak? Could you forget these bodies of ours altogether and love me still?" Enid was probably oblivious of the arm round her waist; it must have been the merest accident that she pressed his hand.

Fred ruminated for a minute, and then said:

"If we were like what you say, we should both be dead."

"Oh, Fred, there is no help for it. We must try to forget each other. We are not affinities!"

"But we might be fiancés."

"No, Fred, no. You love me with a love I cannot return. I love you with a love you do not understand. It is better to know it at once and to say 'good-bye.'"

"But do you mean you are not going to have anything more to do with me?"

"No, Fred, we shall always be friends—I won't insult you by offering to be a sister, it is so commonplace. We shall be friends. But for a time we had better not see very much of each other; and if each of us mixed a good deal with the opposite sex, it might help us to forget."

"I shall go mad, Enid!"

"No, dear; I think not. Try to be very nice to Miss Gordon, then you will gradually forget me!"

"And I suppose you will try to be very nice to Jack Gordon, and a crowd of other Johnnies, and forget me?"

"Perhaps. Why not? It would be better so. Now let us say good-bye to the old dream, Fred—"

"What! may I, really?"

So the ordinary man and the emancipated woman kissed each other down there in the dark on the landing stage.

And they did not unduly abbreviate their farewell, but remained there for many minutes, while the sea moaned mysteriously among the girders.

Presently they came upstairs.

The band was still playing. This time it was a weird composition in an exceedingly minor key, which made everyone else somewhat pensive, and at last melancholy, but which comforted Enid and Fred greatly. They stood at a little distance from the band, and presently caught sight of Jack and Lily. There were vacant chairs at each side of the brother and sister, for many pairs of persons were wandering away to parts of the pier where the light was less strong.

Enid and Fred looked at the Gordons, and then at each other.

"Be very nice to Lily and try to forget Enid" thought Fred.

"Be very nice to Jack and try to forget Fred" thought Enid.

A holy calm comes over one when one has discovered it is one's duty to sacrifice somebody else. One revels in that holy calm; if one didn't, one would feel a trifle mean. Enid and Fred were preparing for the sacrifice of Jack and Lily, and they needed all the holy calm they could get.

Fred felt great. So did Enid, but she was not accustomed to greatness and Fred was not, and that made a vast difference. Fred was beginning to realise that he had a mind and that he was capable of a rapid succession of ideas. For example, he wanted to leap wildly over the pier and to be lost to sight in the dark waters, but he remembered that he would probably fall upon the grating of the landing stage and be badly hurt. Then he wanted to kiss Enid for another last time, but he recollected that there were people about and that Enid might not like it. Then he began to brace himself for the effort of being very nice to Lily, but found himself wondering whether it was quite fair to exploit one girl in order to forget another. That in turn set him thinking whether it was right that Jack should be exploited in order that Enid might forget himself.

This naturally suggested Jack in the light of a hated rival, which led to the idea of pistols for two. Finally desires to swear, and to cry, and to hit somebody entering his head simultaneously, they left him in a condition of mental fatigue, and he languidly followed Enid to a couple of seats immediately behind the Gordons.

Very soon the weird composition came to an end, and everyone, except Enid and Fred, appeared much relieved; the band indeed adjourned for refreshments. Jack turned round and saw Fred behind him.

"Hullo!" he said, "where did you spring from?" Then he noticed Miss Dalmeny as well, and raised his hat very nicely. Fred at once began operations, and was talking nonsense to Lily for all he was worth. Enid was less precipitate, and waited for Jack to place his own head in the noose. Jack was not good at small talk, and, as he made it a rule never to make the orthodox opening with regard to the weather, conversation was difficult with him until he was fairly started. Enid sat placidly watching him, and speculating as to the dimensions of his soul. At last Jack said:

"Don't you think it is horribly stuffy in here? Shall we go for a stroll till the band comes back?"

"With pleasure," murmured Enid, as meekly as though she were a woman of the old school, who regarded man's word as law. So Jack strode boldly out of the pavilion, and Enid glided beside him. Fred and Lily were left alone.

"You don't look very happy, Fred; have you quarrelled?" asked she.

"Do you mean with Miss Dalmeny? No, of course not; we have nothing to quarrel about!"

"Then why do you speak of her in that Arctic region sort of voice? And why do you come here before the evening is half over? And why do you let Jack carry her off under your very eyes?"

"She carried Jack off," said Fred, without reflection.

"What an unchivalrous remark to



They were very nice eyes.

make, even if it were true—which I am sure it is not—Miss Dalmeny is such a very nice girl.”

“Oh yes, she is all right, but there are other very nice girls, you know, Lil.”

Lily perversely refrained from receiving the artillery of Fred’s eyes as he said this. So he had to add rather lamely:

“Don’t you think so, Lil?”

“I am sure I don’t know,” was the response.

“Oh, but I am sure you do.” Fred was leaning over the back of Lily’s chair, and he spoke very sweetly.

Lily looked up and met Fred’s eyes. They were very nice eyes. She smiled—

a charming little smile—and Fred was encouraged.

“I say, Lil,” he went on, “don’t you think we might be chummier than we are? You see you are Jack’s sister and—and—well you are awfully nice, you know!”

“Am I?” asked Lily complacently.

“Yes, awfully, and it seems such a pity that we don’t see more of each other.”

Lily reflected that they already saw each other on at least seven days a week; but, after all, “seeing” a person is a question of quantity rather than quantity.

“But surely, Fred, you have not got the time? You know you did not come down here

just to be ‘chummy’ with me,” she said.

“Suppose I told you that I did!” said Fred.

“I should say that you were telling stories,” was the reply.

“Oh, Lil, that is too bad. You know I am not a fellow of that sort.”

“I really don’t know anything of the kind; you forget that I have not had the opportunity of knowing you at all intimately. Of course you come to see Jack, and Jack talks about you a great deal; but a girl likes to draw her own conclusions.”

“Well, Lil, for the next fortnight I want to place myself absolutely at your disposal to draw what conclusions you please.”

“Ought I to feel flattered?”

“Not unless you like,” answered

Fred, determined to be pleasant at whatever cost to his self-conceit.

"Very well, let me begin to know you. What is your name? Oh! but I know that, don't I? Who gave you this name?"

"I say, don't make fun of a fellow. Let us stroll up and down till the music begins again. Won't you—er—take my arm?"

"Is that necessary for accurate knowledge?"

"No; but it feels—well—chummier."

Lily compromised the matter by taking the stroll, but not the arm.

Presently the band came back, but Fred and Lily did not return. Nobody noticed this, however, for Enid and Jack did not return either.

* * * * *

The fortnight drew swiftly, a great deal too swiftly, to a close.

The Dalmenys were going to remain a little longer, but the Gordons and Fred must return to London.

It was the last evening of their stay, when Fred received a little note in a handwriting which at one time would have thrilled him exquisitely. On this occasion Fred only whistled apprehensively, and tore open the envelope. The letter ran:

"Dear Fred,

"Meet me on the landing stage this evening. I have something to tell you.

"Yours,
"ENID."

"What a confounded nuisance!" said Fred. "What can she want? I hope she hasn't changed her mind—it would be so very awkward. Well, I suppose I must go, only I hope she won't keep me long. Surely a fellow can't have *two* affinities!"

He arrayed himself becomingly for the *tête-à-tête*; it is so much more easy to behave nobly and with dignity when one's clothes fit well. A loose bootlace may alter the whole course of a

man's life; a defective collar stud may cause a woman to reject him.

He was early at the rendezvous, chiefly because he wanted to get the interview over. Enid did not keep him waiting long, however.

"Fred," she said, with a mournful accent, and with an almost aggressively sympathetic expression in her beautiful eyes, "do you remember the first evening you came down, and how you met me here?"

"Oh yes," Fred replied hastily: the memory seemed unpleasant.

"We said good-bye to each other—this is the very spot—(Fred started back, but recovered himself when he found she was only referring to the pier)—we said good-bye," continued Enid, "because we found that neither was the affinity of the other."

"Oh yes, that is right. You haven't found out anything different, have you, Enid?"

"Yes, and no, Fred."

"Oh! I say, Enid, you might tell a fellow which it is; this suspense is intolerable."

"Poor boy! Surely I am not mistaken? Surely you do not—"

"Oh, come to *me* by and by; tell me what you have found."

"My affinity, Fred!"

"Found it in a fortnight? Oh! I say!"

"I found *him* within an hour. You remember how we parted?"

"Yes, you said you could never marry—"

"And within that hour I found I had made a great mistake."

"Then why in the name of goodness did you not tell me at once, and not save it up for a fortnight?"

"I thought the shock might be too great for you then, Fred."

"Well, it is a great deal greater now, Enid. You see there is someone else involved besides myself."

"Of course, Fred. I was coming to that."

"What, you have guessed it then; and yet you come and tell me this?"

"What do you mean, Fred—

'guessed it'? Why, I know it. Who but I should know it—I and my affinity?"

"But you didn't tell the affinity for a whole fortnight, and in the meanwhile—Oh, poor little Lily. I must and will stick to her."

Enid's eyes brightened.

"What, do you really love the dear little thing? I am glad!"

"Why, you said you knew all about it."

"No, Fred, I only hoped it might be so—I only guessed it."

"You hoped I might love her, and yet you come and tell me that you have changed your mind? I say, you know the law doesn't allow a man to have *two* — er — affinities!"

"Oh, Fred, you dear silly old goose, how dense you are! Of course your affinity is Lily."

"Then who in the name of wonder is yours?"

"Jack."



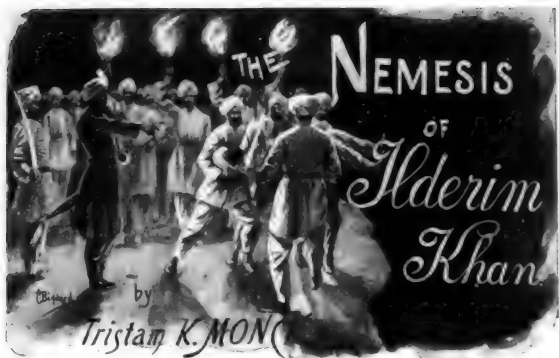
He arrayed himself for the tête-à-tête.

TO A CHILD.

Thou art so dainty, graceful, and so light,
Surely thou wert by fairies hither brought
To teach all men to use their inner sight
And seek for beauties that are yet unsought.

Clad in a moonbeam pale, thou comest here
To cool this fevered world with purity:
Love's Lord protect thee from all sorrow, dear,
Small traveller from the lands beyond the sky!

MARK PERUGINI



THE face of the man, who was perhaps the most powerful native ruler in India, lighted up with an exultant smile, as the Captain of the Guard entered his presence salaaming profoundly.

"Hail, Ilderim Khan!"

"Peace be with you, Gojhan Khan. From your face I read that you have news for me, therefore speak quickly, and the gods grant that it be good to listen to!" replied the native potentate, trying hard to rob his voice of its impatient ring.

"When I say that your Highness's commands have been obeyed in detail, all is said," replied Gojhan Khan placidly.

"Then, this pretender, Ramthal Khan—this man who has tried to rob me of my throne by sowing the seeds of revolt throughout the country, whom I have fought till at length he was forced to flee from the field of battle to save his life—"

"Is in the courtyard, awaiting your Highness's pleasure!" answered Gojhan Khan, salaaming.

With a contented sigh Ilderim Khan

sank back on his cushioned divan, and glanced admiringly at the mailed athletic figure standing before him.

"My pleasure is that Ramthal Khan be brought hither," he said calmly, after a few minutes' consideration. "I am just in the mood to mete justice out to this pretender."

As Gojhan retired the Khan clapped his hands, and in reply to the summons the hall became filled with soldiery, advisers, and a host of palace officials.

"It is my pleasure that all here shall witness how Ilderim Khan rewards his enemies," cried the native autocrat by way of explaining the reason of his summons.

The assembly salaamed profoundly; then, as the tramp of soldiery without the hall, mingled with the clank of steel weapons, became audible, a buzz of excitement pervaded the air till the arras at the further end of the hall was pulled aside, admitting Gojhan Khan and a file of soldiers, in whose midst strode a man of middle age, grizzled by many a fight, and whose step, despite his rags, was as haughty as that of an Emperor.

"Welcome!" cried Ilderim Khan sarcastically, an evil smile flitting across his not uncomely features. "You have long wished to be an occupant of this throne-room. Behold, you are, for the ways of Buddha are great!"

Ramthal Khan remained impassive and expressionless. To all appearances he had not heard the gibing salutation.

"I have bid you welcome," said Ilderim sardonically.

"My ears are not yet deaf," replied Ramthal Khan shortly. "You desired, I believe, to see me, and I am here, even if it be against my will. Speak on, therefore, and be brief!"

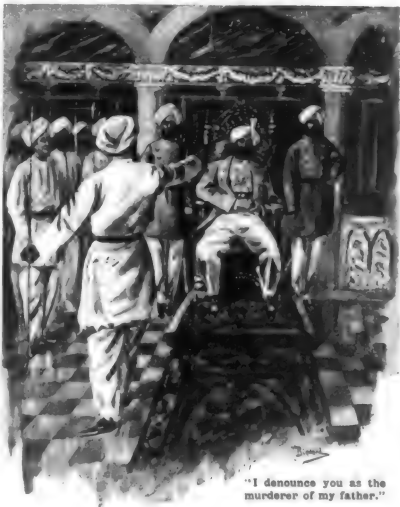
Ilderim was slightly disconcerted by his captive's bold address. Expecting, as he did, cringing fear, Ramthal's attitude was an unsatisfactory one.

"Defiance and insolence are not good advocates for mercy, O mine enemy!" cried Ilderim sternly. "Has death no terrors for you?"

"The expected never has," replied Ramthal in measured tones. "I neither defy nor am I insolent. In bidding you to be brief of speech, I do but seek a favour to myself."

Ilderim Khan stared in wonder at his prisoner, who gazed at him so unconcernedly.

"You are a soldier," remarked Ilderim coldly at length, "and, as such, are aware of the fate which is meted out to those who take arms against their sovereign, and try to wrest from him his throne. You have conspired with others whom I need now fear no more, against my sovereignty. What have you to say in your defence, which should pre-



"I denounce you as the murderer of my father."

vent my having you thrown to the holy crocodiles to-morrow?"

Ramthal started involuntarily.

"Ha! I thought that you would flinch before the face of Death!" cried Ilderim Khan mockingly. "Nor was I mistaken."

"You wrong me," replied Ramthal calmly. "I had hoped for an easier death, that is all. But enough. Let me now reply to your question as to what I had to advance in my defence that my fate should be commuted. When I denounce you as the murderer of my father—your elder brother and the rightful ruler of this land—when I brand you as a usurper, declare that the throne which you now occupy is my own, and proclaim to the world that you are about to murder the rightful Khan, so that you may remain evermore undisturbed, I have said all."

"You have nothing else to say?"

demanded Ilderim, in accents trembling with suppressed rage.

"No! But I prophesy that your reign is nearly at an end. What I have failed in doing, others will accomplish! The Great White Queen is dissatisfied with your rule, tired of your treachery, and wearied of your plots. Your Court is filled with honest men awaiting the opportune moment to rise, hurl you from your blood-stained throne, and proclaim a new Khan ere the breath has had time to leave your murdered body. Make the most of your power, Khan, for its span is but a brief and bloody one."

Ilderim Khan smiled evilly.

"I intend to make the most of my reign, since such a prophet as yourself exists!" exclaimed Ilderim, regaining his self-control by a violent effort. "Gojhan Khan, see that this man is given as a sacrifice to the holy crocodiles to-morrow.

Away with him!"

Then, without bestowing another glance on the unfortunate man, whom he had doomed to a fearful death, he turned to chat with a hoary-headed adviser.

Meanwhile Gojhan Khan conducted the prisoner at a rapid pace towards his cell, then, on a pretence of seeing personally that the bars of the casement

were safe, passed close to Ramthal and whispered:

"Be awake at the tenth hour!"

"For my doom?" enquired the prisoner coolly.

"For liberty," replied Gojhan Khan in a hurried whisper, as he passed his captive, and slamming the prison door to, left Ramthal wondering if the incredibly good news could possibly be true.

The day passed sluggishly for the condemned man, who anxiously watched the fleeting light of day merge into the shadows of night, till they in their turn were relieved by the light of the moon. Without the cell, the measured tramp of his guard was the only sound which broke the death-like stillness which reigned supreme within the wing of the palace in which he was incarcerated.

Hour in and hour out the monotonous footfalls continued to pass

and repass his cell's door, till suddenly the wearying tread became drowned by the sound of a rush of feet, followed by a scuffle, ending with a heavy thud, then the cell door opened inwards cautiously.

Instantly the Khan started from the couch of straw on which he was lying, to face the doorway, seemingly uncertain as to whether he should surrender himself, or make a game fight of it. An



The sentry lay strangled on the threshold.

expression of surprise flitted across his face as he noted the features of the first man to enter the cell.

"Empha Sing!" cried the Khan incredulously.

"Even so, great Khan," replied the Hindoo addressed. "Even so, great Ruler of a great people!"

He salaamed profoundly.

"The great Ruler will soon be food for caymans, my good Empha Sing," said Ramthal Khan bitterly.

"Not so!" exclaimed Gojhan Khan, striding forward from amid the group of mail-clad natives who had followed Empha Sing into the cell. "Not so, Khan! You leave this cell as ruler of this State! Without the city your soldiers are encamped. Half the Court and town is disaffected, and need but a word to revolt openly against the usurper who occupies the throne. The palace is in the hands of friends, for all enemies and those whose fidelity we doubted have been put to the sword!"

Ramthal Khan's face became suffused with a glow of enthusiasm as the Khan's words fell on his astonished ears.

"So I am free," he said with true oriental unemotion.

"As untrammelled as the wind, your Highness," replied Gojhan Khan.

"Where is Ilderim Khan?"

"Asleep and guarded by slaughtered soldiery. Poison is a grand specific for treason's ills," answered Empha Sing significantly.

A fierce smile parted Ramthal Khan's lips on hearing these words.

"A sword!" he cried, going to the door. "And follow me!" Taking the curved weapon which one of the partisans of his cause offered him, he stepped out into the passage, nearly falling over the body of the sentry, who lay strangled on the threshold. With a swift, noiseless stride he crept along the corridors, followed by his adherents, till the Royal chamber was gained, then pausing, he whispered a few words in Gojhan Khan's ear, who entered the apartment alone, and touched the sleeping ruler on the shoulder, waking him with a start.

"Peace be with you, Ilderim Khan!"

"Ah, it is you, my trusty Gojhan," exclaimed Ilderim. "Are you ready to fetch this pretender to the throne, and give him as food to the sacred crocodiles?"

"I am, your Highness."

"Good! I warrant he will not think so lightly of death a few minutes hence!" remarked Ilderim Khan with a cruel smile of anticipation wreathing his lips.

"Your Highness has spoken words of wisdom," replied Gojhan Khan grimly. "The pretender will indeed not think lightly of death."

Ilderim Khan laughed almost boisterously.

"Go then, Khan, and take this man to the crocodile pit. Haste, friend! What do you wait on here?"

"For the pretender, your Highness," replied Gojhan Khan coolly. "Is it not said that he shall die?"

"Surely!"

"Then I await his convenience to accept my escort as far as the crocodile pit," said Gojhan Khan measuredly, and smiling grimly in his turn.

From without the palace came a dull, undefinable murmuring.

"What do you mean? Do you think that the pretender will come here *to you*?" cried Ilderim Khan petulantly.

"He stands before me!" cried Gojhan Khan loudly. "Are you ready, Ilderim, ex-Khan of this State, for your fate?"

The usurper stared at the Captain of his Horse Guards in amazement, as though he doubted his very senses; then he cried:

"What jest is this, Khan?"

"No jest do I make," replied Gojhan Khan coldly. "Your cause is lost, the city is in the power of your enemies, who are thirsty for your blood. Listen!"

He raised his hand authoritatively. Cowed, the trembling Khan listened to a sullen roar coming closer to the palace momentarily. He tore open the window and with blanching features listened to the sound of clashing arms, the shouts of "*Hur! Hur! Mahadeo!*" which sounded his death knell.

"Are you ready, traitor?"

Ilderim turned swiftly round on his heel on hearing the voice, to confront his late prisoner.

"You free!" he gasped in angry surprise.

"I am ruler of this State," replied Ramthal Khan proudly. "And, as such, am here to pronounce your doom."

"I am to be given to the crocodiles, eh?" hissed the baffled native, stepping menacingly forward, till his further progress was barred by two spears being crossed before him.

"You have spoken," replied Ramthal, with true oriental brevity. "Seize him, men, and drag him to the sacred crocodiles!"

"Mercy! mercy! Anything but that, O my brother's son! I will be your slave, your lowest slave, only spare my life! Mercy, O Khan! let your reign be commenced with a deed of mercy, and not by one of blood!"

The plea was shrieked out rather than spoken, as he struggled fiercely in the iron grip of some half-dozen stalwart guards.

"I have spoken," cried Ramthal Khan sternly. "Away with him! He granted

me no mercy, and may my arm rot and my name be for ever forgotten if I now go back on my word!"

"No! no! Recall those words, Khan!" cried Ilderim frantically. "Mercy! Did you not hear that I will be your slave? Your slave, do you hear? I, who have never bowed the

knee to man, am willing to be your meanest, lowest, vilest slave! Anything, great Khan, but death by the sacred crocodiles!"

"It was the death to which you condemned me," said Ramthal Khan pitilessly.

"I repent!" shrieked the wretched man. "I was mad! I was mad, I say!"

"Even as I am now," replied Ramthal coldly. "Follow me, Gohjan Khan, and bring that shouters with you."

A lurid glare lit up the chamber as the Khan turned to

leave the room. He halted, and then glanced out of the window.

"Ah, my soldiers have fired the Chamberlain's house, I see," he said, with a grim laugh. "Come, most noble Khan, for I promise you that the cayman will prove a gentler foe to you than my wild children should they get hold of you."



"Let your reign be commenced with a deed of mercy, and not by one of blood!"

He passed out into the passage, closely followed by Gojhan Khan and his men, bringing along the deposed sovereign of the petty State, cursing and pleading for mercy alternately.

To both, however, Ramthal Khan turned a deaf ear.

Marching ahead of the little band with a rapid stride, he never uttered a syllable till the edge of the crocodile pit was reached, when he halted and glanced down at the slimy, oily water above which appeared a snout of a cayman. He shuddered, then ordering the torch-bearers to come closer to the edge, cried loudly:

"Ilderim Khan, suffer now the fate to

which you condemned me, and may Buddha be merciful to you!"

Then, before the wretched man had time to utter a word, he was launched, in obedience to a sign, into the pit, striking the water with a flaccid splash.

In an instant the oily, sluggish water became alive with crocodile snouts and tails, as their owners darted at their prey, who, uttering a palsied scream of terror, was dragged beneath the surface, the oily, pestiferous water becoming tinged with a dull ruddy hue.

Then Ramthal Khan turned and retraced his steps towards the Royal chamber.



At the Gaiety.

From a painting by Mrs Louise Jopling.

THE QUEEN AS A PLAYGOER.

BY WALTER CALVERT.

FROM the time of Her Majesty's accession to the throne in 1837, until the death of Prince Consort in 1861, the Queen was an indefatigable patron of the drama, and took a keen interest in the actors and actresses who had the honour of playing before her.

Five months after the death of King William IV. Her Majesty commanded W. C. Macready to play "Werner" at Covent Garden Theatre, of which he was then manager, and he resolved on advertising no change of price on the occasion of the Royal visit. Mr. Martins, Vice-Chamberlain, called on the famous tragedian the day before the production to say the farce commanded was the first act of "Fra Diavolo," and Macready thus chronicles the Royal visit in his private diary, 17th November, 1837: — "Went to the theatre and rehearsed

the play of 'Werner,' in the hope of making Mr. G. Bennet and some others a little more accurate. My morning was engrossed by the needful care and arrangements for the evening, preparing for the Queen's reception, the recep-

tion of our own visitors, etc.; my dresses for the night, etc. Received a multitude of notes, applications for admission behind the scenes, which I was obliged to answer as I could. Martins, the Vice-Chamberlain, was most careful in scrutin-

Lord Conyngham. Marchioness of Tavistock. Lord Albemarle.



Duchess of Sutherland. The Queen. Duchess of Kent.

The Queen at Covent Garden Theatre, 1837.

From a lithograph by W. Drummond.

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ising all particulars as to the Queen's box, rooms, etc. I was quite worn out and lay down, desiring no more notes to be given me till the next morning. There was a great tumult arising from the overcrowded state of the pit; a great number

were lifted over the boxes in a fainting and exhausted state. Mr. Bartley had leave from the Queen to address the audience, which he did, tendering the price of admission to those who, not having room, might wish to return. When order was restored the play proceeded. I acted, not to please myself; I could not recover my self-possession. The Queen sent to say she expected to see me as she retired. I dressed myself in full dress and went with Bartley to wait on her as she retired. The ladies-in-waiting, and the officers, etc., passed through the room, and at length the Queen—a very pretty little girl—came. Lord Conyngham told her who I was. She smiled and bowed and said—‘I am very much obliged to you.’ Pointed me out to the Duchess of Kent, and bowed repeatedly to me. I went home with Miss Martineau and Catherine very, very tired.” On the succeeding Sunday we find the following in the actor’s diary:—“Told Dickens of darling Nina, when she was told that the Queen had spoken to me on Friday night, having asked me if I told her ‘To be kind to the poor?’ The dear child.”

Mr. Bartley was the stage manager of Covent Garden Theatre under Charles Kemble, Laporte, Bunn, Macready, and Madame Vestris, and was an actor of considerable repute. In the years 1848, 1849, and 1850, he was honoured by Her Majesty’s command to read at Buckingham Palace and Windsor Castle. Subsequently, he was selected to give lessons in elocution to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

The Queen again visited Covent Garden Theatre on 1st February, 1839, to see Macready as Claude Melnotte in “The Lady of Lyons.” “I had undressed,” writes the diarist, “and was preparing to put on my Court suit when an equerry came from Her Majesty to desire me to go on, as the audience were calling for me. I did not know what to do. Told him, and showed him, that I was quite undressed, but that I would do whatever Her Majesty desired. He left me, and I thought it better to put on my dress again, which I did; and, receiving a second message from Her

Majesty, went on as Melnotte before the audience, and met with a most enthusiastic reception, Her Majesty and the Lord Chamberlain joining in the applause. Dressed in full Court dress. . . . Went into the ante-room when Her Majesty came out. Lord Conyngham called me to her, and she condescended to say—‘I have been very much pleased.’ I bowed, and lighted her down.” On the 14th following, the Queen and Duchess of Kent were at the theatre again to see the farce, and on 14th March Her Majesty saw Macready in “Richelieu.”

The first portrait of the Queen painted after her coronation represents Her Majesty in the Royal Box at Drury Lane. Mr. Parris was totally ignorant of the fact that, when he agreed with Mr. Henry Graves, the well-known publisher, to paint “the portrait of a lady for fifty guineas,” he would have to localise himself amongst the musical instruments of the orchestra of the National Theatre, and handle his pencil, whilst the young Queen watched the performance and innocently sat for her picture. The artist afterwards shut himself up in his studio, and never left it until he had finished his work. The price agreed upon was doubled, and the Queen signified her approval of the tact employed by purchasing a considerable number of the engravings. After the Queen’s marriage to Prince Albert in 1840, the Royal pair, when in residence in London, found no greater pleasure than a visit to the opera at Covent Garden Theatre.

In 1842 they visited Drury Lane Theatre to see Macready play “Gisippus” and “Macbeth,” and again in 1843 to witness “As You Like It,” with Macready as Jacques, Phelps as Adam, Keeley as Touchstone, Compton as William, Mrs. Stirling as Celia, and Mrs. Keeley as Audrey. When the Queen came from her box she stopped Lord Delawarr and asked for Macready. She said she was much pleased, and thanked the actor. Prince Albert asked Macready if he had not presented the original play, and was informed that his surmise was correct, the original text having been restored.

On 10th June, 1848, a special per-

formance was given at Drury Lane, by special command of the Queen, and for Macready's benefit, on the occasion of his approaching departure for America.

together with many representatives of political life, of art, and of literature. The play was "Henry VIII.," and Charles Dickens was the acting manager.



The Queen at Drury Lane Theatre, 1838.

From the painting by E. T. Parris.

The Queen and Prince Albert, the Queen Dowager, the Duchesses of Kent and Cambridge, and other members of the Royal Family were present;

Phelps played the King, and Macready Cardinal Wolsey; and the company included Mrs. Nisbett, Mrs. Warner, Miss P. Horton, Mrs. Stirling, Hudson, Ryder,



A performance of "The Merchant of Venice" before Her Majesty the Queen and the Prince Consort at Windsor Castle, 28th December, 1848.

and others. Macready writes—"On going on the stage—indeed, as it appeared from the beginning of the anthem—an organised disturbance, similar to that got up for the expulsion of the French actors, was violently persisted in by a few persons in the pit and the galleries. My reception was very great, and the house, with Her Majesty and the Prince in state, was most brilliant. The noise continued through the scene, and, in the next, wishing to ascertain the nature of the disturbance, I sent to ask leave to address the audience. The Queen granted it, and I told the galleries that, understanding they were incommoded for want of room, I had to assure them that, happy as I had been in receiving favours from them for many years, they would now add to my obligations by receiving their money, and leaving the theatre. Applause, but not tranquillity, ensued, and it was only in the banquet scene that the play began to be heard. I took great pains both in Cardinal Wolsey and in Mr. Oakley. The Queen left at the end of 'The Jealous Wife,' and I was called on and most warmly greeted."

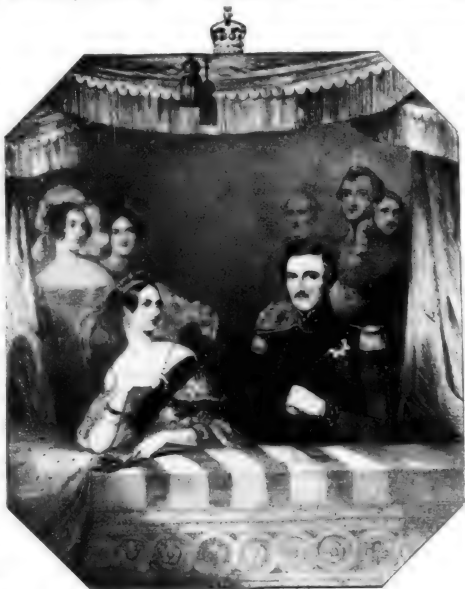
At the close of 1848 Charles Kean, who was then at the height of his fame and popularity, both as a fine actor and lavish manager, was selected, without application on his part, to conduct the "Windsor theatricals"—a series of private performances at the Castle, adopted by the Queen and Prince Consort with the double object of promoting the interests of the British drama while they gratified their own personal inclinations. The principle proposed and carried out was that the performers should be selected indiscriminately, according to their abilities, and without reference to any particular theatre or individual interest. In this, Her Majesty inherited the taste of her grandfather, King George III. When in the comparative retirement of Windsor and Weymouth, his usual habit was to command twice a week, and to go in private on the other two nights of the performance. The managers made fortunes, and the actors were exalted. The compliment of being appointed Her Majesty's "Master of the Revels" in her own palace was undoubtedly one of the most gratifying nature, both to the man and the actor,

and that Charles Kean acquitted himself to the satisfaction of his august employers may be assumed from the fact that Her Majesty presented him with a diamond ring, and accorded him the still more flattering honour of a personal interview on the 21st February, 1849.

The Kears and the Keeleys were the first comedians to perform before Her Majesty and the Prince Consort at Windsor. Upon the first occasion, in 1848, the piece presented was "The Merchant of Venice," with something like an ideal cast. Charles Kean played Shylock; Mrs. Kean, Portia; Miss Montague (Mrs. Compton), Jessica; Webster, Gratiano; Alfred Wigan, Bassanio; Leigh Murray, Lorenzo; Keeley, Launcelot Gobbo; and Mrs. Keeley, Nerissa. In referring to this performance, forty years later, Mrs. Keeley said — "The room was not full, but it was a fine audience to play to, and I could see them all as distinctly as if we were amateurs at private theatricals. The Prince of Wales and Duke of Edinburgh, who were then little boys in short frocks, were seated upon a raised place at the feet of the Queen, and they all seemed quite at home and at their ease. I, myself, felt dreadfully nervous, cold, and half-scared. But I managed

to get through the part somehow, and when the Shakesperian play was over, Mr. Keeley and I appeared as Fanny Pepper and Euclid Facile in John Oxenford's farce of 'Twice Married,' which made them laugh in the most natural way possible."

The plays presented before Royalty



The Queen and Prince Consort at the Opera in 1841.

Print by J. Brandard.

this season were published in book form, with the following title—"The Series of Dramatic Entertainments performed by Royal command before Her Majesty the Queen, His Royal Highness Prince Albert, the Royal Family, and the Court at Windsor Castle, 1848-9; comprising 'The Merchant of Venice,' 'Used Up,' 'The Stranger,' 'The Housekeeper,'

'Hamlet,' 'Box and Cox,' 'Twice Killed,' 'Sweethearts and Wives.' Printed *verbatim* from the authorised versions, with fac-similes of the bills of performance, and a corrected list of the Royal personages and the nobility and gentry present on each occasion. Edited by Benjamin Webster, lessee of the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, and Adelphi. Published by Mr. Mitchell, Royal Library, Bond Street."

The performances took place in the Rubens Gallery, and the stage was arranged by Thomas Grieve, who was also the painter of the scenery. The late Mr. Howe supported Charles Mathews in "Used Up" (4th January, 1849), and played the blacksmith. In his later years Mr. Howe recalled Colonel Phipps coming round to say that he did not think he ought to appear with bare arms. However, when the matter was referred to Her Majesty, she graciously expressed a desire that the part should be played in the ordinary way. Box and Cox were represented by Buckstone and Harley. "Hamlet" included Charles Kean as the Prince, William Farren as Polonius, Leigh Murray as Laertes, Mrs. Charles Kean as Ophelia, and Mrs. Warner as the Queen; and the cast of "The Stranger" was even stronger, including Charles Kean, Howe, Webster, Mr. and Mrs. Keeley, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Matthews, and Mrs. Gill.

The Windsor performances were continued annually at the Castle at the Christmas season until the death of Prince Consort, interrupted only on three occasions—in 1850, by the death of the Dowager Queen Adelaide; in 1855, in consequence of the national gloom resulting from the precarious situation of our armies in the Crimea; and in 1858, on the marriage of the Princess Royal, when they were superseded by other arrangements.

Lord Lytton's drama, "Not so Bad as We Seem," originated at Knebworth, after some amateur theatricals. The author and his guests projected together "The Guild of Art and Literature," to help their less fortunate brothers of the pen and pencil, and, the host said, "undertake to act a play and I engage to write it." The play, which rapidly

contributed £3,000 to the Guild, was first performed on 16th May, 1851, in the presence of Her Majesty and the Prince Consort, in a temporary theatre erected in the late Duke of Devonshire's town house in Piccadilly, and the cast included Charles Dickens, Douglas Jerrold, John Forster, Mark Lemon, Frank Stone, Wilkie Collins, John Tenniel, Augustus Egg, Mrs. Compton, and other celebrities.

All the leading actors of the day took part in the Windsor theatricals. In February, 1850, Macready appeared as Brutus in "Julius Cæsar," and on 12th December of the same year Phelps took the part of the sick king in the "First Part of Henry IV." The "Second Part" of this play was given on the 7th January, 1853, with Kean and Phelps in the cast. "Twelfth Night" was presented by Kean on the 2nd January, 1852. Sometimes original plays were produced, as on 21st January, 1853, Charles Kean gave Douglas Jerrold's comedy, "St. Cupid; or, Dorothy's Fortune," supported by Wright, Harley, Walter Lacey, J. Vining, Ryder, Mrs. C. Kean, and Mrs. Walter Lacey, and it was performed publicly the following evening at the Princess's Theatre. On 4th February following, Charles Kean acted "Macbeth," and Phelps took his own company from Sadler's Wells Theatre on 10th November of the same year, and acted the title part of "Henry V." Previous to this performance Phelps had acted as Francesco Agolanti in Leigh Hunt's "Legend of Florence," and as Hubert in "King John." Charles Kean performed "The School for Scandal" with Webster, Buckstone, and Alfred Wigan, 15th January, 1857. Phelps' acting was greatly appreciated, and he took his own company again in November, 1859, to present "Romeo and Juliet," with Miss Heath (Mrs. Wilson Barrett) as Juliet, F. Robinson as Romeo, and Phelps as Mercutio; and on the 24th January, 1861, he was again commanded, and appeared as "Richelieu," with Miss Heath as Julie. Miss Heath afterwards became reader to the Queen. Her Majesty took more than a passing interest in the actresses who appeared before her. When Mrs. Warner became afflicted with cancer, which checked her



The Emperor Napoleon III., Her Majesty, the Empress Eugénie, and the Prince Consort
at the Italian Opera, 1855.

career and deprived her of the means of supporting her family, her friends exerted themselves to raise a fund for her support, and Her Majesty was not content with simply subscribing towards this, but having learned the importance of carriage exercise to the patient, with a woman's delicacy, at once found the kindest way to render service by herself hiring a carriage, which she caused to be placed daily at Mrs. Warner's disposal.

Mr. Charles Kean, as "Master of the Revels," superintended all the performances at the Castle, but the "casts" were invariably submitted for Royal approval. The Queen had her favourites, and one of them was Miss Agnes Robertson, afterwards Mrs. Dion Boucicault, who was an infant prodigy. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean took a great fancy to her, and she lived with them, and became a member of the Princess's company. One day Her Majesty, in looking over the proposed bill, said, "Well, but Mr. Kean, where is little Miss Robertson? I don't see her name." Mr. Kean explained that the piece was not being performed by the Princess's company. "Never mind that," said the Queen; "you must put her in; we like her to be always included." Mrs. Boucicault says in those days the Queen

was always gay and laughing, but the Prince Consort was grave and dignified. One night, on the occasion of a Royal visit to the Princess's, a very funny incident occurred, which Miss Soldene relates in her piquant "Recollections." "When Charles Kean was not in the bill he received Her Majesty himself, but when playing, that duty devolved on the acting manager, Mr. Emden (father of Emden the architect). Emden was a funny little man, with two funny little side curls that bobbed up and down as he walked; he had funny little legs, and a funny little fat, round corporation. To get to the Royal box, one had to walk down a long corridor, close to the steps. Opening on to the corridor, close to the steps, was the fanlight of a dressing-room. In the dressing-room were three girls—Lottie Leclercq, Polly Keeley, and Agnes Robertson. When the Royal party came along, the three girls, clambering on a table, peeped through the fanlight. The sight of funny little Emden, his funny little curls dancing with excitement, carrying the two candles, and going backwards up the steps, of which he was dreadfully nervous, proved too much for the girls. They giggled loudly, and, trying vainly to stifle the giggles, snorted

loudly. Emden, overcome with horror, missed his footing and sat down on the top step in the presence of Her Majesty, covered with confusion and candle grease. The Queen, following Emden's gaze, lifted her eyes to the fanlight, and, discovering the culprits, pointed them out to the Prince Consort, and, leaning against the wall, laughed long and loudly. But His Royal Highness was shocked at such levity, and looked it."

In addition to the Windsor performances, the Queen continued to patronise the theatres when in town. In March, 1850, Her Majesty visited the Haymarket Theatre on the occasion of Mr. and Mrs. Kean's benefit, when "Much Ado About Nothing" was presented, with Mr. and Mrs. Kean as Benedick and Beatrice; and Her Majesty and Prince Consort occupied the Royal box at the Princess's Theatre on the first night of "The Courier of Lyons," which was produced in June, 1854, and they appeared to be wrapt in deep attention by the acting of Charles Kean in the two characters of Dubosc and Lesurques. In the following year Her Majesty was duly impressed by Kean's performance of "Louis XI." On the Princess Royal's marriage in 1858, a series of four performances, in honour of the occasion, were given at Her Majesty's Theatre, under the immediate patronage of the Queen. Italian opera was represented by Lumley's Company in "La Sonnambula," English opera by the Pyne-Harrison Company, the comic drama by contingents from various theatres, and tragedy by Phelps and Miss Helen Faucit in "Macbeth."

When "The Colleen Bawn" was produced at the Adelphi Theatre in 1860, the Queen was so delighted with the play that she went three times in one fortnight, and was in the theatre when she got the news of the fatal illness of the Duchess of Kent. Her Majesty took such an interest in the play that the expedition to Killarney was the direct consequence. A special copy of the drama was, by request, made for Her Majesty, with the pictures of Myles na Coppaleen and his Colleen Bawn.

After the death of Prince Consort, Her Majesty did not witness a performance

for at least twenty years, and it was the Prince of Wales who induced the Queen to return to the contemplation of an amusement of which she was once extremely fond. It was on the 4th October, 1881, that Mr. Edgar Bruce had the honour of presenting a private performance at Abergeldie Castle, and "The Colonel" was given in the presence of Her Majesty and the Royal Family. It was an interesting sight. Her Majesty welcomed with undisguised enthusiasm the Prince of Wales and his guests in full Highland costume, and the gillies and attendants open-mouthed with astonishment, for many of them had never seen a play. Before this semi-official command performance took place, the walls of the city of Carlisle were placarded with posters protesting against players. Puritanism was rampant, and Christianity expended its wrath upon the heads of the actors, and their contaminating profession. But directly Carlisle heard that Her Majesty had seen "The Colonel," the posters were torn down.

The leading London managers and their companies have been commanded to give performances at one or other of the Royal residences. In 1887 Mr. and Mrs. Kendal appeared at Osborne in "Uncle's Will" and "Sweethearts." Two years later, Sir Henry Irving and his Company appeared at Sandringham in "The Bells" and the trial scene from "The Merchant of Venice," and at the conclusion of the performance, the tragedian and Miss Terry were presented to Her Majesty.

The commands that Mr. John Hare has had the honour to receive to appear before the Queen were both interesting experiences, although strongly contrasted, and will serve to describe a typical Court performance at Windsor and Balmoral.

The first was at Windsor Castle, March, 1891, where "A Pair of Spectacles" was given. This might almost be described as a "Performance of State," as all the Court ceremonials were strictly enforced. The representation took place in the Waterloo Chamber, and did not commence till nine o'clock. The room was beautifully decorated, and prior to the performance Mr. Hare was

consulted by the Princess Louise with regard to many details likely to tend to its success, and especially with reference to such arrangements as would enable the Queen to see and hear properly. To this end a short trial was given on the stage, and the acoustic properties of the room were thoroughly tested. In front of the stage, and screening the orchestra, was a superb bank of ferns, palms, and flowers, and as Her Majesty suffers greatly from the effects of over-heated rooms, large blocks of ice were deftly used to equalise the temperature. At nine o'clock the Court took their places. The Lord Chamberlain and the other members of the Household wore their official dresses—officers were in full uniform, and when to these were added the handsome dresses and the sparkling diamonds of the ladies, the scene was as impressive as it was beautiful. Shortly after nine the orchestra played the National Anthem, and, preceded by the Lord Chamberlain and followed by the Lords and Ladies in Waiting, the Queen entered. Immediately the Court rose, and remained standing until Her Majesty was seated and the performance began. As Court etiquette at Windsor forbade any excessive demonstration on the part of the audience, the reception of the comedy was necessarily quiet, and at first rather trying to actors who had been accustomed to the more enthusiastic expressions of approval in a public theatre. But, apart from this, the Queen makes a thoroughly "good audience"—being both appreciative and critical. She has always taken the liveliest interest in the theatre, and never fails to remember the names of the favourite actors of her youth—a fact amply demonstrated when, during recent years, their descendants have appeared before her. On the occasion of Mr. Hare's appearance at Windsor, his company included Mr. R. Cathcart (his stage manager) and Miss Lizzie Webster. When, after the fall of the curtain, he was sent for by Her Majesty, she asked him if it was the same Mr. Cathcart whom she had seen acting with Charles Kean, and if Miss Webster was the grand-daughter of Benjamin Webster. On learning that in each case her

surmise was correct, Her Majesty expressed much interest.

In the autumn of 1893, Mr. Hare received the Queen's command to appear at Balmoral in "Diplomacy," at that time being played by him with Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft and the Garrick Company in Scotland. Here was a striking contrast. At Windsor a State performance before the Empress-Queen, with all the pomp and ceremony of the Court. At Balmoral, all homely and informal. No ceremony; no State; Court etiquette on the part of the audience entirely set on one side; no restraint placed upon applause; and the reception of the play as enthusiastic and exhilarating as if it had been acted before an appreciative holiday audience. At Windsor, Mr. Hare was received by the Queen as the Queen; at Balmoral by the Queen as a lady in her own private house. To the actors the evening was made doubly memorable by the presence of the Empress Eugénie. Since the death of the Emperor Napoleon, it was the first time she had been present at a theatrical performance, and she was profoundly interested and moved. At the reception subsequently given by the Queen in the drawing-room she was present, and Mr. Hare, Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, and Miss Kate Rorke and other members of the company had the honour of being presented to her. She conversed a good deal with them, and it was touching to note her revived interest in the artistic pleasures from which she had been so long and so sadly separated. On this occasion the Queen specially honoured Mr. Hare by commanding Mrs. Hare and his daughter to witness the performance, and to be presented to her at the reception by which it was followed.

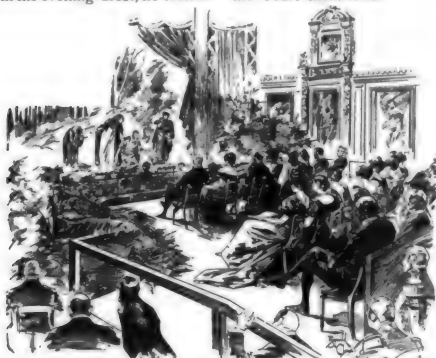
Shortly before supper (which was attended by the members of the Royal Family and the Court), the Queen retired, but she still continued to take the liveliest interest in the proceedings, and Mr. Hare has since learnt that she sent down from time to time to ascertain if the "players" were "well bestowed." After supper Mr. Hare's health was proposed by Prince Henry of Battenburg, and before leaving Balmoral each mem-

ber of the company was given a beautiful souvenir in the shape of a handsome brooch for the ladies, and a scarf pin for the gentlemen. These were presented by Princess Beatrice in the name of Her Majesty. In addition to a magnificent silver cup given to Mr. Hare, the Queen sent him a few days later a full length engraving of herself, after the portrait by Angeli, signed in her own hand—"To Mr. John Hare from Queen Victoria," together with a most kind letter from her Groom-in-Waiting, the Hon. Alec. Yorke, expressing the great delight she had felt in witnessing the performance of "Diplomacy."

In 1891 Mr. D'Oyly Carte's Opera Company played "The Mikado" before the Queen at Balmoral, and they were the first company who were ever requested to perform there. They were engaged at the time at Aberdeen, and went by special train to Ballater, and on from there by coach. The Queen was very pleased with the performance, and after it was over about half a dozen members of the company were summoned to be presented to Her Majesty in her private apartments. It was rather a peculiar sight. The manager, Mr. Beresford, was the only one not in costume, and, in his evening dress, he looked

like an interpreter for a deputation of Japanese. Since then several of the leading companies have appeared at Balmoral, including the Carl Rosa Opera Company, H. Beerbohm Tree and Company in "The Red Lamp" and "The Ballad Monger," in 1894; George Alexander and Company in "Liberty Hall," in 1895.

The most brilliant performance given at Windsor Castle was befittingly presented by Sir Henry Irving in 1893. A stage was erected in the Waterloo Chamber; special scenery was painted; the Lyceum closed, and Sir Henry, Miss Ellen Terry, Miss Ward, Mr. William Terriss, and a company one hundred and seventy strong, were transported to Windsor and back the same night, to play Tennyson's "Becket" before Her Majesty and her guests, who, with the servants at the Castle, made up an audience of about two hundred. It is no new thing for London companies to appear before the Queen, or for Her Majesty to manifest a keen appreciation of what is best in the realms of theatrical art, and the stimulus that "command" performances has given to the dramatic world reflects infinite credit upon Her Majesty and all concerned in the production of the Court theatricals.



The performance of "Becket" by the Lyceum Company before the Queen at Windsor Castle, March 18th, 1893.

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JIMMY GOGGLES

The

God



by H.G. Wells.

"It isn't everyone who's been a god," said the sunburnt man. "But it's happened to me, among other things."

I intimated my sense of his condescension.

"It don't leave much for ambition, does it?" said the sunburnt man. "I was one of those men who were saved from the Ocean Pioneer. Gummy! How time flies! It's twenty years ago. I doubt if you'll remember anything of the Ocean Pioneer?"

The name was familiar, and I tried to recall when and where I had read it. The Ocean Pioneer? "Something about gold dust," I said vaguely, "but the precise—"

"That's it," he said. "In a beastly little channel she hadn't no business in—dodging pirates. It was before they'd put the kybosh on that business. And there'd been volcanoes or something, and all the rocks was wrong. There's places about by Soona where you fair have to follow the rocks about to see where they're going next. Down she went in twenty fathoms before you could have dealt for whist, with fifty thousand pounds worth of gold aboard, it was said, in one form or another—"

"Survivors?"

"Three."

"I remember the case now," I said. "There was something about salvage—"

But at the word salvage the sunburnt man exploded into language so extraordinarily horrible that I stopped aghast. He came down to more ordinary swearing and pulled himself up abruptly.

"Excuse me," he said, "but salvage!" He leant over towards me. "I was in that job," he said. "Tried to make myself a rich man and got made a god instead. I've got my feelings."

"It ain't all jam being a god," said the sunburnt man, and for some time conversed by means of such pithy but unprogressive axioms. At last he took up his tale again.

"There was me," said the sunburnt man, "and a seaman named Jacobs, and Always, the mate of the Ocean Pioneer. And him it was that set the whole thing going. I remember him now, when we was in the jolly boat, suggesting it all to our minds just by one sentence. He was a wonderful hand at suggesting things. 'There was forty thousand pounds,' he said, 'on that ship, and it's for me to say just where she went down.'"

"It didn't need much brains to tumble to that. And he was the leader from the first to the last. He got hold of the Sanderses and their brig—they were brothers, and the brig was the Pride of Banya; and he it was bought the diving dress—a second-hand one with a compressed air apparatus instead of tubes

and pumping. He'd have done the diving, too, if it hadn't made him sick—as it does many people — going down. And the salvage people were mucking about with a chart he'd cooked up, as solemn as could be, at Starr Race, a hundred and twenty miles away.

until our sides fairly ached. We all messed together in the Sanderses' cabin—it was a curious crew, all officers and no men, and there stood the diving dress waiting its turn. The younger Sanders was a humorous sort of chap, and he saw something funny in the confounded



"He saw something funny in the confounded thing's great fat head."

"I can tell you we was a happy lot aboard that brig, jokes and drink and bright hopes all the time. It all seemed so neat and clean and straightforward, and what rough chaps call a 'cert.' And we used to speculate how the other lot, the proper salvagers, who'd started two days before us, were getting on,

thing's great fat head and its stare, and he made us see it too. 'Jimmy Goggles,' he used to call it, and talk to it like a Christian—ask if he was married, and how Mrs. Goggles was and all the little Goggleses. Fit to make you split. And every blessed day all of us used to drink the health of Jimmy

Goggles in rum, and unscrew his eye and pour a glass of rum in him, until instead of that nasty mackintoshiness he seemed as nice in the inside as a cask of rum. It was jolly times we had those days, I can tell you — little suspecting all the disappointment that was a-coming.

"We weren't going to throw away our chances by any blessed hurry, you know, and we spent a whole day sounding our way towards where the Ocean Pioneer had gone down, right between two chunks of ropy grey rock-lava rocks that rose nearly out of the water. We had to lay off about half a mile to get a safe anchorage; and there was a row who should stop aboard I remember; and there she lay just as she had gone down, so that you could see the top of the masts, that were still standing, quite distinctly. And I went down on Friday morning, directly it was light.

"What a surprise it was! I can see it all now quite distinctly. It was a queer-looking place, and the light was just coming. People over here think every blessed place in the tropics is a flat shore, and palm trees and surf, but it's a lot more varied really. This place, for instance, wasn't a bit that way. Not common rocks they were, undermined by waves, but great curved banks like ironwork cinder heaps, with green slime below and thorny shrubs and things just waving upon them here and there, and the water glassy, calm, and clear, and showing you a kind of dirty grey-black shine, with huge flaring red-brown weeds spreading motionless, and crawling and darting things going through it. And far beyond the ditches and pools, and the heaps, was a forest on the mountain flank, healing again from the fires and cinder showers of the last eruption. And the other way, forest, too, and a kind of broken—what was it?—amphitheatre of black and rusty cinders, rising out of it, and the sea in a kind of bay in the middle.

"The dawn, I say, was just coming, and there wasn't much colour about things, and not a human being but ourselves anywhere in sight up or down the

channel, except the *Pride of Banya* lying out beyond a lump of rocks towards the line of sea.

"Not a human being in sight," he repeated, and paused. "I don't know where they came from, not a bit. And we were feeling so safe, that we were all alone, that young Sanders was a-singing. I was in Jimmy Goggles, all except the helmet. 'Easy,' says Always, 'there's her mast.' And after I'd had just one squint over the gunwale, I caught up the bogey and almost tipped out as old Sanders brought the boat round. When the windows were screwed and everything was all right, I shut the valve from the compressed air belt in order to help my sinking, jumped overboard feet foremost, and down I went—for we hadn't a ladder. I left the boat pitching, and all of them no doubt staring down into the water after me, with all their eyes, as my head sank down into the weeds and blackness that lay about the mast. I suppose nobody would have bothered about a look-out at such a desolate place.

"Of course you must understand that I was a greenhorn at diving. None of us were divers. We'd had to muck about with the thing to get the way of it, and this was the first time I'd been at all deep. It feels damnable. Your ears hurt beastly. I don't know if you've ever hurt yourself yawning or sneezing, but it takes you like that, only ten times worse. And a pain over the eyebrows here—splitting. And a feeling like influenza in the head. And it isn't all heaven in your lungs and things. Going down feels like the beginning of a lift, only it keeps on. And you can't turn your head up to see what's above you, and you can't get a fair squint at what's happening to your feet, without bending down something painful. And being deep, it was dark, let alone the blackness of the ashes and mud that formed the bottom. It was like going down out of the dawn back into the night that had just passed.

"The mast came up like a ghost out of the black, and then a lot of fishes, and then a lot of flapping red seaweed, and then I came with a kind of dull

bang on the deck of the Ocean Pioneer, and the fishes that had been feeding on the dead rose about me, like a swarm of flies from road stuff in summer time. I turned on the compressed air again—for the suit was a bit thick and mackintoshy after all, in spite of the rum—and stood recovering myself. It struck

either side of the ship. And far overhead just a moony deep green blue. The deck of the ship, except for a slight list to starboard, was level, and lay all dark and long between the weeds, clear except where the masts had snapped when she rolled, and vanishing into night towards the forecastle. There



"I came with a kind of dull bang on the deck."

coolish down there, and that helped take off the stuffiness a bit.

"When I began to feel easier, I started looking about me. It was an extraordinary sight. Even the light was extraordinary — a kind of reddy-coloured twilight, on account of the streamers of seaweed that floated up on

wasn't any dead on the decks, most were in the weeds alongside, I suppose; but afterwards I found two skeletons lying in the passengers' cabins, where death had come to them.

"It was curious to stand on that deck and recognise it all, bit by bit; a place against the rail where I'd been fond of

smoking by starlight, and the corner where an old chap from Sydney used to flirt with a widow we had aboard. A comfortable couple they'd been, only a month ago, and now you couldn't have got a meal for a kitten off either of them.

"I've always had a bit of a philosophical turn, and I daresay I spent the best part of five minutes in such thoughts before I went below to find where the blessed dust was stored. It was slow work hunting—feeling it was for the most part, pitchy dark, with confusing blue gleams down the companion. And there were things moving about; a dab at my glass once, and once a pinch at my leg. Crabs! I kicked a lot of loose stuff that puzzled me, and stooped and picked up something all knobs and spikes. What do you think?—backbone! But I never had any particular feeling for bones. We had talked the affair over pretty thoroughly, and always knew just where the stuff was stowed. I found it that trip. I lifted a box on end."

He broke off in his story. "I've lifted it," he said. "As near as that! Forty thousand pounds worth of pure unsullied gold! I shouted inside my helmet as a kind of cheer, and hurt my ears. I was getting confoundedly stuffy and tired by this time—I must have been down twenty-five minutes or more —and I thought this was good enough."

"I went up the companion again, and as my eyes came up flush with the deck a thundering great crab gave a kind of hysterical jump and went scuttling off sideways. Quite a start it gave me. I stood up clear on deck, and shut the valve behind the helmet to let the air accumulate in the suit and carry me up again. That's how it's done, you know. I noticed a kind of whacking from above, as though they were hitting the water with an oar, but I didn't look up. I fancied they were signalling me to come up."

"And then something showed down by me, something heavy, and stood aquiver in the planks. I looked, and there was a long knife I'd seen young Sanders handling. Thinks I, he's

dropped it, and I was still calling him this kind of fool and that, for it might have hurt me serious, when I began to lift and drive up towards the daylight.

"Just above the level of the top spars of the Ocean Pioneer, whack! I came against something sinking down, and a boot knocked in front of my helmet. Then something else—struggling frightful. It was a big weight atop of me, whatever it was, and moving and twisting about. I'd have thought it a great big octopus or some such thing, if it hadn't been for the boot. But octopuses don't wear boots. It was all in a moment, of course. I felt myself sinking down again, and I threw my arms about to keep steady, and the whole lot rolled free of me and shot down as I went up—"

He paused.

"I saw young Sanders' face, over a naked black shoulder, and a spear driven clean through his neck, and out of his mouth and neck what looked like spurts of pink smoke in the water. And down they went, clutching one another, turning over, and both too far gone to leave go, and in another second my helmet came a whack, fit to split, against the niggers' canoes. It was niggers! Two boats full!"

"It was lively times, I tell you! Overboard came Always with three spears in him. There was the legs of three or four black chaps kicking about me in the water. I couldn't see much, but I saw the game was up at a glance, gave my valve a twist, and went bubbling down again after poor Always, in as awful a state of scare and astonishment as you can well imagine. I passed young Sanders and the nigger going up again, and in another moment I was standing in the dim again on the deck of the Ocean Pioneer."

"Gummy, thinks I, here's a fix! Niggers! At first I couldn't see anything for it but stifle below or stabs above. I didn't properly understand how much air there was to last me out, but I didn't feel like standing very much more of it down below. I was hot and frightfully heady, quite apart from the blue funk I was in. We'd never

reckoned with these beastly natives, who as you know are pretty well like the Papuan devils. No doubt they'd been stalking the brig at the very time we'd been setting about diving.

"It wasn't any good coming up where I was, but I had to do something. On the spur of the moment, I jumped over the side of the brig and landed among the weeds, and set off through the darkness, as fast as I could. I just stopped once and knelt and twisted back my head in the helmet and had a look up. It was a most extraordinary bright green-blue above, and the two canoes and the boat were floating there very small and distant like a kind of twisted H. And it made me feel sick to squint up at it, and think what the pitching and swaying of the three meant.

"It was just about the most horrible ten minutes I ever had, blundering about in that darkness, pressure three atmospheres, sick with funk, and breathing nothing as it seemed but the smell of rum and mackintosh. Gummy!

"After a bit I found myself going up a steepish sort of slope. I had another squint to see if anything was visible of the canoes and boats, and then kept on. I stopped with my head a foot from the surface, and tried to see where I was going, but of course nothing was to be seen but the reflection of the bottom. Then out I dashed. Directly I got my eyes out of the water, I saw I'd come up a kind of beach near the forest. I had a look round, but the natives and the brig were both hidden by a big hummucky kind of heap of rubble and twisted lava. The constitutional fool in me suggested a run for the woods. I didn't take the helmet off, but I eased open one of the windows, and went on out of the water. You'd hardly imagine how clean and light the air tasted.

"Of course with four inches of lead in your boot soles and your head in a copper knob the size of a football, and after thirty-five minutes under water, you don't break any records running. I ran like a ploughboy going to work. And half-way to the trees I saw a dozen niggers or more, coming out in a gaping astonished sort of way to meet me.

"I just stopped! dead and cursed myself for all the fools out of London. I had about as much chance of cutting back as a turtle. I just screwed up my window again to leave my hands free, and waited for them. There wasn't anything else for me to do.

"But they didn't come on very much. I began to realise why. 'Jimmy Goggles,' I says, 'it's your beauty does it.' I was inclined to be a little light-headed, I think, with all these dangers about and the change in the pressure of the air. 'Who're ye staring at?' I said, as if the savages could hear me. 'What d'ye take me for? I'm hanged if I don't give you something to stare at,' I said; and with that I screwed up the escape valve and turned on the compressed air, until I was swelled out like a blowing frog.

"Regular imposing it must have been. I'm blessed if they'd come on a step; and presently one and then another went down on their hands and knees. They didn't know what to make of me, and they were doing the extra polite. I had half a mind to edge back seaward and cut and run, but it seemed altogether too hopeless. A step back, and they'd have been after me. And out of sheer desperation I began to march towards them up the beach, with slow heavy steps, and waving my blown-out arms about in a dignified manner. And inside of me I was singing as small as a tom-tit.

"But there's nothing like a striking appearance to help a man over a difficulty, as I've found before and since. People like ourselves, who're up to diving dresses by the time we're seven, can scarcely imagine the effect of one on a simple-minded savage. One or two of these niggers cut and ran, the others started in a great hurry trying to knock their brains out on the ground. And on I went as slow and solemn and silly-looking and artful as a jobbing plumber. It was evident they took me for something immense.

"Then up jumped one and began pointing, making extraordinary gestures to me as he did so, and all the others began sharing their attention between

me and something out at sea. 'What's the matter now?' I said. I turned slowly, on account of my dignity, and there I saw, coming round a point, the poor old *Pride of Banya*, towed by a couple of canoes. The sight fairly made me sick. But they evidently expected some recognition, so I waved my arms in a striking sort of non-committal manner. And then I turned and stalked on towards the trees again. At that time I was praying like mad, I remember, over and over again, 'Lord, help me through with it.' It's only fools who know nothing of dangers can afford to laugh at praying.

"But these niggers weren't going to let me walk through and away like that. They started a kind of bowing and invoking dance about me, and sort of pressed me to take a pathway that lay through the trees. It was clear to me they didn't take me for a British citizen, whatever else they thought of me, and for my part I was never less anxious to own up to my nationality.

"You'd hardly believe it, perhaps, unless you're familiar with savages, but these poor, misguided, ignorant creatures took me straight to their kind of joss place, to present me to the blessed old black stone there.

"By this time I was beginning to sort of realise the depths of their ignorance, and directly I set eyes on this deity I took my cue. I started a baritone howl — 'Wow-wow,' very long on one note—and began waving my arms about a lot, and then very slowly and ceremoniously turned their image over on its side and sat

down on it. I wanted to sit down badly, for diving dresses ain't much as wear in the tropics. Or, to put it more precisely, they're a sight too much. It took away their breath, I could see, my sitting in their joss, but in less time than a minute they made up their minds and were hard at work worshipping me. And I can tell you I felt a bit relieved to see things turning out so well, in spite of the weight on my shoulders and feet.

"But what made me anxious was what the chaps in the canoes might think when they came back. If they'd seen me in the boat before I went down and without the helmet on—for they might have been spying and hiding since over-night—they would very possibly take a different view from the others. I was in a deuce of a stew about that for hours, as it seemed, until the shindy of the arrival began.

"But they took it down, the whole blessed village took it down. At the cost of sitting up, stiff and stern, as much



"I went out and stole some stuff."

like those sitting Egyptian figures one sees as I could manage, for pretty nearly twelve hours, I should guess, at least, on end, I saved my life and secured the situation. I don't think any of them dreamt of the man inside. I was just a wonderful leathery great joss that had come up with luck out of the water. But the fatigue! the heat! the beastly closeness! the mackintoshiness and the rum! the perpetual anxiety and the fuss!

"They lit a stinking fire on a kind of lava slab there was before me, and brought in a lot of gory muck—the worst parts of what they were feasting on outside, the beasts!—and burnt it all in my honour. I was getting a bit hungry, but I quite understand now how gods manage to do without eating, with the smell of burnt offerings about them. And they brought in a lot of stuff they'd got off the brig, and what I was a bit relieved to see, the kind of pneumatic pump that was used for the compressed air affair, and then a lot of chaps and girls came in and danced about me something disgraceful.

"It's extraordinary the different ways different people have of showing respect. If I'd had a hatchet handy, I'd have gone for the lot of them, they made me feel so wild with them. All this time I sat as stiff as company, not knowing anything better to do. And at last when nightfall came, and the wattle joss-house place got a bit too shadowy for their taste—all these here savages are afraid of the dark, you know—they built big bonfires outside and left me alone in peace in the darkness of my hut, free to unscrew my windows a bit and think things over, and feel just as bad as I liked.

"I was weak and hungry, and my mind kept on behaving like a beetle on a pin — tremendous activity and nothing done at the end of it, come round just where it was before. There was the treasure down there in the Ocean Pioneer, and how one might get it and hide it somewhere safe and get away and come back for it. And there was the puzzle where to get anything to eat. I tell you I was fair rambling. I was afraid to ask by signs for food, for fear

of seeming too human; so there I sat and hungered until very near the dawn.

"Then the village got a bit quiet, and I went out and stole some stuff like artichokes in a bowl and some sour milk. What was left of these I put away among the other offerings, just to give them a hint of my tastes. And in the morning they came to worship, and found me sitting up stiff and respectable on their previous god just as they'd left me overnight. I'd got my back against the central pillar of the hut, and, practically, I was asleep. And that's how I became a god among the heathens—a false god, no doubt, and blasphemous, but one can't always pick and choose.

"Now I don't want to crack myself up as a god beyond my merits, but I must confess that while I was god to these people they were really extraordinarily successful. I don't say there's anything in it, mind you. They won a battle with another tribe—I got a lot of offerings I didn't want through it—they had wonderful fishing, and their crop of pourra was exceptionally fine. And they also counted the capture of the brig among my benevolent proceedings. I must say I don't think that was a poor record for a perfectly new hand. And, though perhaps you'd scarcely credit it, I was the tribal god of those beastly savages for pretty nearly four months.

"What else could I do, man? But I didn't wear that diving dress all the time. I made them rig me up a sort of holy of holies; and a deuce of a time I had too, making them understand what it was I wanted them to do. That indeed was the great difficulty — making them understand my commands. I couldn't let myself down by talking their lingo badly, even if I'd been able to speak at all, and I couldn't go flapping a lot of gestures at them. So I drew pictures in sand and sat down beside them and hooted like one o'clock. Sometimes they did the things I wanted all right, and sometimes they did them all wrong. They were always very willing.

"All the while I was puzzling how I was to get the confounded business

settled. Every night before the dawn, I used to march out in full rig and go off to a place where I could see the channel in which the Ocean Pioneer lay sunk, and once even, one moonlight night, I

tried to walk out to her, but the weeds, and rocks, and dark clean beat me. I didn't get back till full day, and then I found all those silly niggers out on the beach praying their sea-god to return to them. I was that vexed and tired, messing and tumbling about, and coming up and going down again, I could have punched their silly heads all round. I'm hanged if I like so much ceremony.

"And then came the missionary. It was in the afternoon, and I was sitting in state in my outer temple place, sitting on that old black stone of theirs, when he came. I heard a row outside and jabbering, and then his voice speaking to an interpreter. 'They worship stocks and stones,' he

said, and I knew what was up in a flash.

"I had one of my windows out for comfort, and I sang out straight away on the spur of the moment. 'Stocks and

stones!' I says. 'You come inside,' I says, 'and I'll punch your blooming head.'

"There was a kind of silence, and more jabbering, and in he came, Bible in hand, after the manner of them, a little sandy chap in specs, and a pith helmet. I flatter myself that me sitting there in the shadows, with my copper head and my big goggles, struck him a bit of a heap at first. 'Well,' I says, 'how's the trade in calico?' For I don't hold with missionaries.



"You come inside and I'll punch your blooming head."

"I had a lark with that missionary. He was a raw hand, and quite outclassed with a man like me. He gasped out who I was, and I told him to read the inscription at my feet if he wanted to know. Down he goes to read it, and

his interpreter, being, of course, as superstitious as any of them, took it as an act of worship and plumped like a shot. All my people gave a kind of howl of triumph, and there wasn't any more business to be done in my village after that journey, not by the likes of him.

"But of course I was a fool to choke him off like that. If I'd had any sense I should have told him straight-away of the treasure, and taken him into Co. A child could have seen the connection between my diving dress and the loss of the Ocean Pioneer. A week after he left I went out one morning, and saw the Motherhood, the salvers' ship from Starr Race, towing up channel and sounding. The whole blessed game was up, and all my trouble thrown away. Gummy! How wild I felt!

And guying it in that stinking, silly dress!"

The sunburnt man's story degenerated again.

"Think of it!" he said; "forty thousand pounds' worth of gold!"

"Oh, yes, bless him! And he pledged his reputation there was a man inside the god, and started out to see as much with immense ceremony.

"But there wasn't—he got sold again. I always did hate scenes and explanations, and long before he came I was out of it all—going home to Banya along the coast. No clothes, no money, nothing. And just a squeak of eight thousand pounds of gold. But the natives cut up rusty, thank goodness, because they thought it was him had driven their luck away."



MY LOVE SANG A SONG.



My Love sang a song—I heard it and laughed,
For the summer sun sent down its rays to my heart,
As the sound of the sea on the breezes is waft
So the sound of the song came to me—and I laughed!

My Love sang a song—I heard it and smiled,
For a cloud had come over and shut out the sun;
As the glittering toy is sought by the child,
So I sought for the glittering sun—and I smiled!

My Love sang a song—I heard it and sighed,
For the wind it had risen and dismally moaned,
And it seemed that the sun had since faded and died
And the world grew so cold that I listened and sighed!

My Love sang a song—I heard it and wept,
For the song was to me as a sad, doleful dirge,
Of the vows that are made—alas! ne'er to be kept,
And the love that is false; and I heard it and wept!

ALPHONSE COURLANDER.





Berry Pomeroy Castle.
Photo by Mr. J. Hamilton Evans, Paignton.

A RELIC OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

BY CARSLAKE W. WOOD.

THE ruins of Berry Pomeroy Castle are situated about six miles from Torquay. They are the largest and most imposing of any in the county of Devon, and present a very touching testimony to the perishable character of all earthly grandeur. Of feudal magnificence, picturesque, and romantically situated upon a rock which rises almost perpendicularly from a narrow valley through which winds a small stream, and with the soft murmuring of it the feathered melodists of the woods mingle their carols. The air is fragrant with the perfume of flowers, and amidst an otherwise mysterious, sacred and solemn silence stand the ruins—second to none as a striking and beautiful object of which Devonians are so justly proud. They are surrounded with fine oaks and other majestic timber, with profusely scattered shrubs over the interior area and around the entrance, while the principal remains are overhung with the branches of trees, and incrustated with moss and mantled ivy.

At one time the apartments were very splendid, especially the dining-room, and many others of the rooms were well adorned with moulding and fretwork.

The Manor was given to Ralph de Pomeroy by William the Conqueror, and it remained in the possession of the Pomeroy family until Sir Thomas sold it to Lord Seymour, whose descendant—Sir Edward—sat for Devon in the last two Parliaments of Charles the First, and by adhering to him he had his castle plundered and burnt.

After the landing of the Prince of Orange at Brixham in 1688, the owner of the castle had a secret interview with the Prince—when other influential persons were also present—at a cottage situated in a typical Devonshire lane on the road between Longcombe Cross and Aishe, a mile and a half from the castle, known to this day as "Parliament House." In front of this cottage a stone has been erected, which bears an inscription informing the passer-by that it is the venue of the first Parliament of the Prince.

Nestling in the centre of the picturesque village of Berry—this is a favourite place for a meet of both the South Devon Foxhounds and the Dart Vale Harriers; the extensive Berry Woods forming splendid cover for foxes, and a blank is practically unknown; whilst



Parliament House, where the Prince of Orange, after landing, had a secret interview with Sir Edward Seymour.

forthwith issued peremptory orders for their subjugation. Much time, blood and treasure were consumed before the walls of the castle. The besieged were sheltered by the turrets and castles, but the besiegers being openly exposed to the destructive missiles, much slaughter ensued amongst the King's soldiery. The castle was, however, eventually carried,

hares abound in the immediate neighbourhood—is the ancient church, built by the Pomeroy's. Four of its six bells are respectively dated 1607, 1635, 1750, and 1829; the other two are of very recent date, having been added in 1897, when the other four were rehung.

How much truth there may be in it deponent sayeth not, but tradition gives a graphic account of the death of the last of the Pomeroy's—when the Royal mandate was issued for the dismantling the castles in England, the owner of Berry Pomeroy resisted it. A siege was commenced by the King's forces, long and obstinate and bravely opposed by the De Pomeroy and his retinue. So incensed was the King that he

when the De Pomeroy's, rather than survive their lost glories, blindfolded their horses, and mounting to the northern precipice, rode them over the fatal height, and all were dashed to pieces.

To my friend Mr. J. Hamilton Evans, of Paignton, I am much indebted for the accompanying views.



Another view of the Castle.



BY MRS. TOM GODFREY.

WILHEMINA, the belle of Bloemfontein and step-daughter of Piet Strauss, a prominent and loyal townsman, sat by the open window in a house on the outskirts of the town. The hot African sun was giving way to the cooling kiss of twilight, and a gentle breeze fanned the girl's hot cheeks.

She was very beautiful. Thick golden hair encircled her face, which was perfect in contour and colouring, and her dark blue eyes suggested depths of passion and of tenderness. They could flash and sparkle with excitement, and then grow misty and unfathomable with pathos, each expression intensified by the lofty breadth of a thinker's brow.

And in her tiny hands she held the fates of many, while under her dainty foot she had crushed more than one hope of happiness, for her heart responded to none—like that of the fanatic it was attuned to one mad feeling, which devoured her very soul and strangled each love plant that sought to gain root on its virgin soil.

She hated the English with all her

might, and despised her step-father for his loyalty to them. Her father, a prominent Boer, had been killed at Majuba, and with him, his only son, a lad of fourteen, and she had never forgiven her weak, German mother for not fostering the same feeling of hatred as herself towards those who had caused their death.

Strauss had laughed at her hostile remarks about the English, at the commencement of the war, then he had grown angry and forbidden her to express such disloyalty. She was no longer a Boer; she had ceased being that when a mere babe; she was *his* daughter now, and must adopt his views, or keep silent. And Wilhemina obeyed him, insomuch that she encouraged the visits of the English officers who found their leisure hang heavily on their hands. After weeks on the veldt, with woman as a bygone dream, Wilhemina, with her beauty and her daintiness, was an object of intense delight to them all. They realised what they had missed, and forgot days of hardship in her presence.

The room in which she sat was her own, and, in strong contrast to the others in the house, was furnished in the latest European style. She had spent several years in Berlin and Paris, and had returned to her home with all the whims and extravagances of a born Parisienne. Handsome French tapestries and paintings that had seen their birth in European studios, covered the walls. A marble *Venus* occupied a corner by a costly piece of Sèvres. Tables littered with French and English literature, a grand piano, an afternoon tea-table, and Louis Quinze furniture, denoted a refined and cultured mind. Even the dainty muslin gown she wore emanated from a Paris costumier's.

But, in spite of all these indications of luxury and frivolity, she was stern and strong. Her love of chiffons was coupled with a love of knowledge, and her conversation was brilliant and intellectual. And for her revenge, she felt that she would willingly sell her soul—aye, even sacrifice her handsome Spanish lover, whose sole fault in her eyes was his apparent friendliness to the English.

Presently, she raised her arms and clapped her hands gently.

A couple of pigeons flew into the room, and perched finally on her outstretched hand.

"Dear birdies," she murmured in a low, cooing voice, "you will help me. Have I not trained you for that purpose? Did I not bring you

over the seas to help me? Ah! you who are exiles can sympathise with us, whom those cursed English would reduce to a state of servitude, here, on our own soil!"

Her eyes flashed angrily, then her



A couple of pigeons flew into the room and perched on her outstretched hand.

voice, which had grown fierce, dropped to a whisper. "Listen, my little ones, listen; the time for you to help is near. Hark!"

A firm step below, a rich young English voice humming gaily the old

French refrain, but with an abominable accent:

"Malbrouck s'en va-t-en guerre,
Miron-ton, miron-ton, miron-taine,
Malbrouck s'en va-t-en guerre,
Ne sait quand reviendra."

She sprang lightly to her feet, her face sparkling with joy.

The birds fluttered out of the window as the door opened, and a tall young man, in the well-known khaki, entered.

"Wilhemina!"

"Dick!"

He had stooped to her and taken her into his strong young arms, gazing lovingly into her beautiful face. For a moment they remained thus, then she put her hands on his chest and pushed him gently from her.

"What does this mean? Are you going?"

"Ah! you guessed! Yes, for the present we must say good-bye, my own. We start in an hour's time, and, although I am delighted to be one of the chosen, I cannot bear the thought of leaving you."

"Ah!"

Her voice was tremulous, and she lowered her eyes. She did not want him to see the look of triumph that had crept into them. If only he knew how she had longed for this moment, for just such a chance as this news offered her!

"I could not go without seeing you once more—without looking into your dear eyes. But I can only spare a few minutes, barely enough to say good-bye, —and,—"

"You are glad!" she exclaimed, smiling into his face.

"Mad with joy. Yet how little it is. Just reconnoitring, I suppose, going as far as—"

"As?"

"As we can," he added lamely. "And then maybe we—"

He checked himself abruptly. After all, she was not English, nor entirely German. Soon he might be fighting her own countrymen, relatives even. He could not say what he hoped might happen.

"Dear, dear Dick!"

She drew him down beside her, and twined her arms round his neck. In her heart a tiny voice was singing tumultuously, "At last, at last!"

"Dear old Dick, what shall I do without you?" she purred, rubbing her soft cheek against his.

His heart beat wildly.

"God! How I love you, my darling! For a word, I feel, now I am with you, that I would give up all to stay with you, I, who ever put England and our Army before all! See how I love you, little one; it nearly makes me a traitor!"

She smiled bewitchingly. For that smile of hers, men would have gladly met death.

"Duty is a beautiful thing, my Dick, and patriotism is a god to obey blindly. I therefore would not ask you to stay. Rather, I say go. But we must drink to your success before we part, you for glory, and I for grief; you to fight for your Queen, and I to—"

He rose to his feet, and took her in his arms.

"You to keep happy, and ready to receive me back again. Yes, I shall come back to claim you as my own—and I, yes, for my Queen, our noble, grand little Lady; God bless her!"

He bowed his head reverently.

Wilhemina crossed the room, and rang the bell. A small native boy came into the room, and listened to her hurried instructions with an almost imperceptible tremor in one of his eyes. Something seemed to amuse him, but Dick was too absorbed in his own thoughts to notice that, and it was only when the boy had returned, bearing a tray of fruit and wines, that he roused himself.

"To my love!" said he, taking the glass of sparkling wine Wilhemina handed him.

"To your glory, your Queen, and country!" responded she, smiling.

Then for a time silence fell between them.

"Dick," said she at last, stroking his hand gently, "tell me why you go."

He moved restlessly; her curious smile thrilled him.

"Why? Because I happen to be in

when Wilhemina had treated him with indifference.

The minutes passed quickly whilst they murmured sweet nothings, and she grew more and more bewitching in her caresses. His face was very flushed, and it seemed as though the old wine had indeed affected him, for he felt drowsy, and his speech was thick.

"Scanty food is the cause of this," he thought, closing his eyes.

An angry frown marred the beauty of her flower-like face, and her breath hissed anxiously through her little white teeth. Surely the drugged wine had not already reached his brain before she had the information she wanted? Without the drug she knew she could not master him, as the smallest triviality concerning his soldier life was kept in the back-

the detachment ordered out, and, by Jove, time is up. I ought to leave you now—"

She laid a detaining hand on his arm.

"Not yet; you need not go just yet. Stay a few minutes longer; I cannot bear to say good-bye."

He yielded, and sat down again by her, taking her hand in his and looking into her eyes with all the passion of a strong and trustful love. He knew himself the favoured of all her lovers. Had she not promised to marry him when the war ceased, at the same time begging him to keep their engagement secret for a time? He knew nothing of the Spaniard, Carlos, save that he had met him once at the house,

"Traitor!" he hissed.

ground of his memory and never mentioned.

"For one never knows, my darling, where spies may be hiding. These Boers are so cunning," he had said once. And now he was going to sleep. She would not be able to help the cause. She shook him violently.

"Dick! Dick!"

He opened his eyes. There was a dazed, foolish look in them.

"Yes, we march perhaps to glory—action—and to death—" he drawled.

"Where? How?" she asked anxiously.

"Ah!" — his voice dropped to a whisper—"to surprise, to—" The words died away in a murmur.

She shook him again.

"Where?" There was tension in her hard voice. "Which way, my love? Tell me that I may follow you in spirit. For, alas! death may lurk behind some of those heights for you."

"By the north," he answered, the door of caution opened wide. "Listen—someone might hear—put your ear to my mouth—by . . ." As he whispered the word, she raised her head with a little sob of triumph. At last!

His eyes closed again, and he fell back on the luxurious cushions. This time she did not disturb him. His work, as her tool, was done. She rose and stood looking at him. A tiny sigh fluttered through her red lips. Then, clapping her hands noiselessly, she slipped from the room with quick gliding steps. And Dick lay there undisturbed, deep in a dream of glory, in which he saw himself fighting for England surrounded by the dead bodies of Boers. And through it all, the face of Wilhemina danced before his eyes, now smiling, now mocking. Meanwhile, in the streets below, the detachment marched noisily by.

Some time later, when the town had returned to its usual quiet, and the column was far beyond its gates, Dick woke with a start.

He looked around surprised; the room bathed in semi-darkness puzzled him; for a moment he had forgotten where he was. Then, as his brain cleared, he heard the full low tones of Wilhemina. She was talking by the open door to

some woman, who now and then laughed softly, a fat contented laugh.

"He will wake soon now. I did not give so much; it would be so awkward to have him here if Carlos came. Just imagine!"

"Yes, indeed. But, anyhow, what will you do with him when he does wake?"

By the lazy, breathless drawl such as pertains to stout women, he knew Wilhemina's mother spoke.

"I do not know. Anyhow, that's over. Yah! those English kisses. Still, it was worth it!"

"But supposing Carlos comes now? Suppose he tells him of all—the marriage promise, and—"

"Pooh! Carlos will never know. Cannot you throw dust in a man's eyes? Men are but babes in a pretty woman's hands." Her laugh rang out merrily.

Half-dazed, and astounded at what he heard, Dick sat up, leaning forward to catch her words.

"You laughed at my pigeons," said Wilhemina more seriously, "but they will carry the message, and—"

"Hush! Not so loud, your father might be near; still, it is clever of you, Mina, if it leads to something. Would you not have done better to wait for bigger game?"

"It must do some good anyhow. The fewer English left, the greater our chance — victory perhaps. Ah! the vampires! the grasping wretches!"

In her excitement, her voice rang out loudly.

Dick sprang to his feet. In a second he saw what had happened, how he had been tricked, how he, an English soldier, had dishonoured his name and country. With a groan, he rushed to the door. The two women sprang back with frightened screams. He pushed past them roughly, and plunged headlong down the narrow stairs.

"Stop him!" gasped the mother.

Wilhemina shrugged her shoulders.

"What's the good? He can do nothing."

Dick sped swiftly along the street. Was he too late to stop the detachment, to retrieve his honour? It must be late,

it was so very dark. He stopped abruptly and looked at his watch.

Great God! He was two hours behind time; and every second was precious, and his horse was at the other end of the town. What a fool he was! Why had he not brought his horse with him? There was nothing to save him now.

Then a thought flashed into his mind. He would go back to the house, and take one of Strauss's horses. With a wild rush he sped back, and bounced into the yard. There, by the open door, stood a horse already saddled. With a low exclamation of delight he swung himself into the saddle, and galloped into the street.

As he passed under the window of the room where he had been betrayed, he saw Wilhemina leaning out, and by her, Carlos.

"Traitor!" he hissed, looking back at her over his shoulder as the horse bore him swiftly by. The Spaniard's face flushed angrily, then he looked into the girl's startled eyes.

So much Dick saw, and even in his fever to get on he could not help wondering what they said. At the same time another thought rushed into his mind. The horse he had taken belonged to Carlos. He laughed mirthlessly, then dug his spurs into the animal's side, for time was short, and Carlos would probably come after him to claim his property. If only he could catch up his lost comrades, and warn them of the deadly trap before them. If only he could wipe out that imprudent act of his! But, alas! all the life blood flowing so hotly through his veins could never do that. He could only atone, and then die. For what was life to him now? His faith in woman had gone, his hitherto unstained name was soiled.

He leaned forward, his eyes fixed on the hills before him, his heart full of anguish as he recalled all the past devotion of his ancestors for their country, and remembered that he, in weak folly, through the witchery of a woman, had undone their noble work.

On and on he flew. Before him in the distance rose a cloud of dust.

Surely it was the regiment! Would he ever reach it in time?

Tears rolled down his cheeks unchecked as he thought of the brave fellows marching on so calmly to certain death, carelessly thinking themselves secure from danger, whilst beyond lurked the treacherous weapons of the enemy lying in ambush.

Anxious only to get on, he thought not of what might be behind him. The canter of a horse's hoofs did not reach his ears, which seemed to be full of the distressed cry of his comrades.

But the Spaniard behind came closer and closer in relentless pursuit.

Just as Dick's heart gave a bound of joy as he realised that the cloud of dust was not so far off now, and that he might not be too late after all, his attention was attracted by the gallop of his pursuer's horse.

He turned round in his saddle and faced him, a contemptuous smile curling his lip.

"Go back to her you come from!" he sneered.

Carlos' eyes flashed ominously.

"I have not followed for nought; besides, you have my horse. Also I have a heavier debt against you—the theft of my betrothed. You have stolen into her home like a fox, you have taken the kisses that were mine; you have robbed me of a bride, and, by God, whether you will or not I will fight you, or kill you, and not return until I have laid your body low. Aye, and with this dagger still red with her heart's blood." Dick's cheek paled.

Here then was death, and that he had longed for as an atonement for his sin, but, alas! not a death like this, meted out to him by an irate lover and a murderer, for had he not said that he had slain Wilhemina?

At that thought all the manhood in him cried out, for he had loved her. Then, as quickly as it had come, he flung the thought from him. She had tricked him and his Queen; she deserved her reward. But was his blood to mingle with hers on the steel, and so become doubly treacherous by the contact?

He looked before him. The cloud was still visible in the far distance. There was all he loved, his regiment, his country's glory and her flag.

Here was the shadow of his shame, his treachery, his wild untutored love. Better for him to die since he had proved false to all that made life sweet, but, without having redeemed his fault, that was indeed terrible.

"Listen," he said, as Carlos drew nearer, "I will fight you, yes, but later. You are for us; you therefore are no party to the treachery that . . . has been played on us. Let us follow to warn them, and then do with me as you like."

"I am no longer for you," retorted Carlos. "Is it not to an Englishman that I owe the loss of all I valued? No, you must fight now."

The fight was close and fierce, for so tenacious is the love of life, that Dick struggled with all his might. The Spaniard's breath fanned his cheek from time to time, and his fierce eyes burnt hatred into his.

Before Dick's eyes floated all he had held dear. Wilhemina's face, full of love, his mother's, tender and saint-like, friends of his childhood and of his college life. Yes, it was better that he should die. Would not the others perish ere long? Why should he, of all, survive to tell the tale?

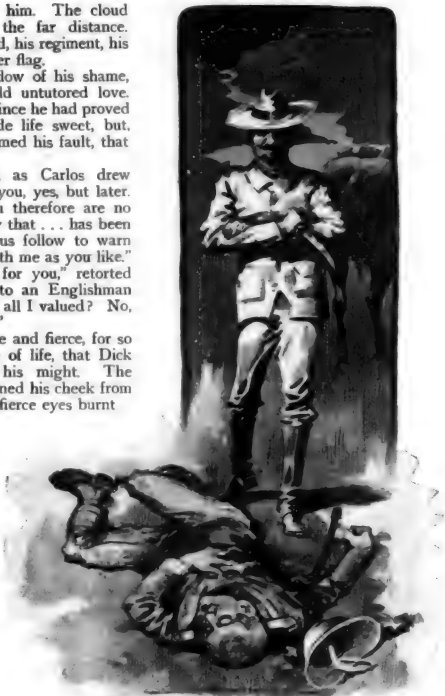
With a groan, his hand fell limply to his side.

Carlos' dark face seemed close to his.

Then came nothing but sand and sky, and a short, sharp pain.

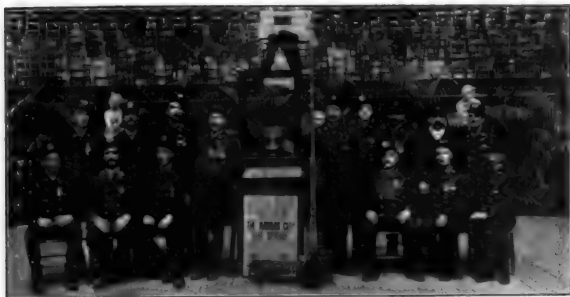
With a sigh he fell to the ground.

Carlos stood over him with a sardonic smile on his handsome face.



"So die all traitors!"

"So die all traitors!" he muttered fiercely. And then, vaulting into his saddle, he galloped away to throw in his lot with the Boers, whom he had hitherto refused to join.



The Kansas City Fire Brigade.

FIRE! FIRE!

BY AUSTIN FRYERS.

THE question of the preservation of life and property from fire is one which, in my opinion, has never yet received anything like the attention it deserves. Landlords are now compelled—more or less—to ensure a perfect sanitation, but only the most primitive, clumsy, and ineffective expedients are adopted to enable the inhabitants of a house to escape in the event of it catching fire.

In most houses there is a tradition of the existence of some passage by which access to the roof is gained. It is such a vague and shadow tradition, unsupported by any evidence readily discoverable, that most people put it into the category of the other household traditions which refer to the whereabouts of ghosts, crickets, rats, and cockroaches. The worst of it is that a lack of evidence



The engine fully manned.



The huge engine is brought to a halt.

in the case of all these is rather conducive to a restful and thankful spirit, whereas the absence of some ready and useful means of escape from a house in the event of fire reveals a condition of things which tends to make the imaginative householder lie awake of nights, or sleep in nightmares.

I have discovered these roof exits, so I can vouch for it that they exist—sometimes; but in almost every instance either the method of egress required was such as to call for acrobatic qualities, which few average families possess, or the aperture was so narrow that the portly parent—and there generally is one, I find—would be quite unable to squeeze through, and in the effort to escape would find himself, or herself, lodged in a position analogous to that occupied by "Alexander dead and turned to clay," in the famous poetic simile.

But suppose the roof were gained? In most instances the principal effect would be to place the person who had "escaped" there out of all reach of the fire escape—if one had arrived—and with no possibility of improving on the Hobson's choice presented of breaking one's neck or being burned.

The average stair in the average house is but a most perfectly-constructed furnace. When it has caught well alight,

the flames fly up to the roof, and retreat is cut off except by the windows.

Now, why should not emergency exits from windows be in all cases provided? A bar, a pulley, and a cradle of the simplest kind would enable anyone of average strength to lower oneself to the ground. Even in the case of a feeble person, it would require but a rope of sufficient length to enable anyone outside to do the lowering.

Week by week we read these horrible stories of loss of life by fire, and yet there is no improvement. The dread danger of a living death, surrounded by every detail of excruciating agony, hangs over every householder as grimly as the dread results of the approach of the fabled Martians. "The Martians won't come to London," was doubtless the cocksure cry; and "*My* house won't catch on fire!" is its every-day equivalent.

But while we are waiting for the sanity which will initiate a demand the law will satisfy, and the landlords must obey, it is gratifying to watch the progress and improvement of the measures taken by public authorities to check and repel conflagrations. Our own fire brigade system is one of the very best in the world. Chief Officer Hale, of the Kansas City Fire Brigade—the fire-repelling organisation which stands at the

head of the world's list—declared recently that he thought the London Brigade equal to any in the world.

With the exception of Mr. Hale's own brigade, this is true, but the Kansas Brigade have just returned from the Paris Exhibition with a list of the highest honours for unapproachable achievements which gives them first place.

On the way back to Kansas City, they stopped for a week at the Crystal Palace to give exhibitions of the working of their brigade, which had won such signal praise in Paris. It is not too much to say that Chief Officer Hale and his men were more delighted with their Crystal Palace exhibitions than with all the attention they had secured in France.

"You see," said Mr. Hale to me, "the Crystal Palace is a great word with us way out in 'Merica. We hear of it from the time we're tots, and every 'Merican when he comes to England comes to the Crystal Palace. When we go back and tell 'em in Kansas City that we've been here, you bet but they'll be just delighted!"

The exhibitions were given on the Grand Terrace at the Crystal Palace. The engine, fully manned, was first driven along at an ambling pace, just to

show that the horses were the "dearest and quietest pets alive"—as the ladies declared. Then when they were at the far end of the Terrace, the alarm was sounded, and the engine tore up at a terrific rate to the scene of the supposed fire. The wonder of the thing dawns on you when you realise that in less time than you could reasonably imagine it possible to bring the huge engine to a halt, this has not only been done, but the men have dismounted, attached the hose, and are "playing" the water.

The next demonstrations assumed the horses to be unharnessed, and, like the priests of Baal on a certain occasion, away from the scene of their duties. The harness is never stowed away—it always lies attached to the engine and ready to be slipped on the horses.

In the exhibition given, the men and horses were at a distance from the engine. We are to assume that their minds were occupied by the surrounding scenery, or possibly they were taking a mental exultant note of the fact that the fountains have been Americanised into electrical ones.

Suddenly the signal is given. Everyone—I include the horses—rushes for his own place. Certain firemen lift the harness, another springs on the box, and



The horses reach the engine through burning gateways.



Each horse, at the sound of the alarm, came galloping up—

grasps the reins and whip, the remainder have already reached their seats. The engine drives off, and the same process of quick dismounting and an almost instantaneous playing of water are re-enacted.

And the horses! How did the firemen get them harnessed so quickly? Simply because the firemen had nothing to do with it. Each horse, at the sound of the alarm, came galloping up to his appointed place, and put on his own harness. All the firemen did was to hold

it in position, and let it automatically fasten.

This reliance on individual action is the secret of the celerity of the Kansas method; that and the fact that the horses go through a special course of training for the work they are required to do, just as circus horses are trained for their particular feats.

That they are prepared for exceptional circumstances is shown by the incident depicted in one of the photographs, where the horses are placed on the



—And harnessed himself!

further side of a barrier in flames when the signal is given, and they have to jump through a couple of burning gateways to reach the engine.

In spite of the efficiency of the American system, the death-rate from fire is higher in New York and Chicago than in London. This is due, in Mr. Hale's opinion, to the fact that here builders build against fire—a statement which, even if admitted, does not controvert my opening remarks—while in America a lot of wood is used, and most houses are simply asking to be set alight.

In America, too, firemen are impeded by the number of overhead wires, which

greatly exceeds the worst wire junction in London.

None of the firemen's families sleep at the stations in America. The men sleep exactly above their places on the engine, and in the event of an alarm slide down into their places.

Mr. Hale is an inventor, and has on the market now a most ingenious fire-alarm. It is a small disc some three inches in diameter fixed to the ceiling of a room. If a fire breaks out the disc expands and explodes, and so sets a telephone at work, which sends a message to the fire station, indicating the position of the outbreak accurately.



"Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
And win the key-stone of the brig;
There at them thou thy tail may toss,
A running stream they dare na cross."

Tam O'Shanter.



LOVERS.

Soul! Oh what shall I sing thee?
 Sing to thee sorrowful songs,
 Piteous with love lost themes?
 Or yet shall the strong wind bring thee
 Measure of mirth coloured dreams,
 With delicate joys in throngs?

Sing of the days gone over:
 Sing of the days ere Greece
 Was slain on the cross of time:
 When man was a god-like lover,
 And woman was living rhyme,
 And love's praise did not cease.

Soul! Oh what shall I sing thee?
 What rhythms shall waken thy heart
 To answer me song for song?
 What shall the free wind bring thee?
 Melodies soft or strong,
 Love's ecstasy—or Love's smart?

Sing of that amber island
 Whose wine dark circling seas
 Gleamed yet with gold and blue:
 Sing of the land that was my land
 When my heart's love for you
 Sought long, but found not, ease.

MARCH PANE.



BY FREDERIC WILSON.

THIS is a love story. There, that sounds frank enough, and frankness, they tell me, is engaging. Perhaps this is why I am engaged—my name is Frank Wisdom Pennell. But then, why shouldn't the Wisdom have a chance as well as the Frank, and get me engaged to the right girl?

Wisdom, I must tell you, was my mother's family name, and she insisted at my christening that I should be called Wisdom. I had no voice in the matter—at least, no argumentative voice, or I might have protested against this left-handed attempt to bring back to the family the Wisdom she had voluntarily discarded. Well, I was christened Wisdom, and Wisdom I am, and Wisdom I shall remain. Alas! to think that my patronymical acquisition of it should now be my sole claim to its possession. I used to think that the name was very singularly appropriate; I used to fancy that I had more than my fair share of it—the quantity, enormous I once thought it, with which I was born, together with the nomenclative addendum I was presented with so shortly afterwards.

All this was before I met Miss Wilson. Now I print my cards Frank W. Pennell. There are times when the irony of appellative significance presses

too hardly upon one, then the outraged feelings swell until the name contracts or is discarded. It was so with me. How can a man go about labelled "Wisdom" when his engagement gives the name the lie in every letter?

I have always been unfortunate. I don't know how it is; it isn't for lack of brains, I'm sure, but somehow, everything I touch seems to go wrong. I can remember when I was very young, my dog and I used to have a daily contest to decide which of us should be the first to greet my father. Perhaps things had gone bad in the City; then I would be the first to reach him—to be clouted for some imaginary untidiness of my person; or he would have had a good day, and then the dog would get there first, and be patted and—"Good dog, good fellow!"

On these latter occasions, I would generally manage to fall and hurt myself; would howl, and get sent upstairs. That dog had more right than I to the cognomen of Wisdom. He could smell trouble in the air; I never recognised it until it had closed all round me.

I used, when a boy, to be jealous of that dog's superior powers (or the reward that culminated therefrom); but now I despise them, knowing, as I do, that that which we are pleased to term the guid-

ing of instinct in animals, would, if displayed by humans, be characterised as downright rudeness. I like to imagine, too, that the amount of praise his antics won him was due largely to the fact that his—my—family circle consisted chiefly of diminutive intelligences. Why, one of the things for which they professed themselves proud of him was his capability for smelling out—he would recognise anyone by the individuality of their smell. Disgusting! Besides, the atmosphere about some persons has enough individuality about it to run a clothes store, and a man cannot fail to tell at once whom among his acquaintances owns the atmosphere, only it would cost him a friend if he proclaimed it.

What is all this to do with my love story?

Wait a bit. You see I want you to thoroughly understand the

complexity of my intelligence, the breadth of my mental range, the many-sided brilliance of that jewel—my brain. Nothing is too great for me to master; nothing too small for me to observe. Now, father once told me that if, in talking or writing, I only rambled on in my usual manner for five minutes, the

person whom I was addressing must (unless he were blind or deaf) infallibly recognise the fact that I was an idiot. I agree with father right up to the last word; all the filial duty in the world will not induce me to accept that as literal. I accept his remarks with one reservation

—the last word is to be taken as sarcasm—strong sarcasm—how strong none, perhaps, but I myself know. I believe also that he said "idiot" for fear he should make me conceited. He need not have been afraid. You who have read as far as this can gather from your reading some idea of the comparative value of my idiocy or intelligence. When you have carefully reasoned out which predominates, you may go on to my acquaintance with Miss Wilson and its disastrous result.

Under what disadvantages I made

my acquaintance with Miss Wilson I will tell you first.

Since I have grown up, I have made it a practice to go every day to the City to help father with his business. He is a stockbroker, you know. I have heard him say very nasty things about my business ability—or lack of it—at



I always feel I owe myself a little relaxation.

various times, but it doesn't discourage me. Great minds, I may add, are not to be easily discouraged. I go to the office regularly, and shall continue to do while he pays me my salary. Whether I am worth the salary or not is hardly a question for me to consider, that is the sole concern of the man who pays me.

It is my custom after the office day is ended to repair to the billiard-room of a little club which has the honour of numbering me among its members, for the purpose of a smoke and a rest. This is a necessity; jaded Nature needs repose, and I always feel I owe myself a little relaxation after the arduous duties of the day are fulfilled, so father may grumble as he will, I shall not give up my club evenings. After I am properly rested and refreshed, I go home to dinner. After dinner I read.

My favourite reading is Anthony Hope's "Dolly Dialogues." I hoped by my assiduous study at, and my subsequent improvement upon this little work to perfect myself in the gentle art of polite conversation, an art on my proficiency in which I already greatly pride myself. I had read and re-read this book until I almost knew it by heart, and when we had visitors I used to sample my ever-increasing powers upon them. I cultivated a little gentle, insinuating ambiguity, which told, I thought, very well. After a time I was forced to think of the necessity for cultivating fresh visitors. I yearned for fresh fields to conquer. We never seemed to have any fresh faces, and one by one the old ones dropped off (visitors I mean, not the



I fell flat on my face before the young lady.

faces), and my father said it was all my fault, "people wouldn't come to be insulted." At times he used to wonder whether I would leave him any of his old friends.

Thus were my elevating efforts derided. I sought to revive the lost art of the salon, and met with the usual fate of revivalists.

One night I stayed at the club rather longer than usual—committee meeting, agenda papers, etcetera—and when I reached home dinner was finished. The maid told me there had been strangers dining, so before going into the drawing-room, I went upstairs and dressed. The visitors turned out to be a Miss Wilson and her aunt, and the moment I saw Gracie—Miss Wilson, I mean—I was a "goner!"

Never had I seen such a fairy vision, all blue silk, bright smiling eyes, and beauty. The smiles of most people can be traced to some particular corner or portion of their face; you can watch their rise and fall, as it were, and label them, and put 'em by in a bottle for future reference. But with Gracie it was different. Her eyes were smiling, it is true, but then so were her dimpling cheeks, and her mouth, and, I believe, her ears were too. Her whole face was a haven of ambushed merriment. She was smiling when I entered the room, and, what with the business at the club, the — eh — whisky necessary to the proper discussion of the same, and the effect of the first view of my charmer, I was bewildered, and scarcely cognisant of what I was doing.

I made my way straight toward my mother, utterly forgetful of the what-not that stood directly between us, until I fell flat on my face before the young lady, who stood in the same group as mother. I had passed that confounded thing hundreds of times and never touched it. I never pass it now without kicking it. I hope inanimate things have feelings.

The young lady bubbled a merry little laugh of silver, I said 'D—,' and my mother looked grave. The other old lady who completed the group—it was the aunt—said, "What an awkward young man." (I afterwards found out that she was very deaf, and always thought out loud. This is a system which has its disadvantages; it may be useful and interesting to know a person's true opinion of one's self, but it is sometimes hurtful. This old lady's opinion, as I had the subsequent pleasure of proving, was generally hurtful to me.)

I had made a bad beginning, and on getting with the young lady into a corner, I determined to use my best "Dolly Dialogue" manner, and remove any false impression which my novel mode of entry may have produced.

"Do you not think my method of perambulation truly British?" I asked, by way of a feeler. "I take no count of obstacles; go over rather than round them."

"I can imagine it being expensive if you did it often."

"I would do it again—"

"Oh please don't! Your mother would not like it, I am sure. Are you in a minstrel troupe?" innocently.

"A minstrel troupe! No. I was about to observe when you broke in"—that touched her up, I could see—"I was about to observe that, were I in the same position, with the same inducements for forcing a speedy passage, I should do it again."

"What were the inducements?"

"To get to the enchanting vision that greeted my gaze was the chief." The whisky was certainly shifting. It had been in my feet, and it was now rising to my head, and it was strong whisky.

She clapped her hands. "Oh! I never heard anyone speak so nicely of auntie before, but that black silk does become her. Do you know—" she dropped her voice to the confidential feminine sibilance—"I fancy sometimes people don't like Aunt May much. She will be pleased when I tell her."

"I did not," said I with heat, "mean you to suppose that I thought your aunt an enchanting vision. Nothing, I assure you, is farther from my idea of a vision."

"Mr. Pennell, I consider you can be very rude as well as awkward."

I did a little heroic.

"Miss Wilson," I said, "if I was rude, I apologise; if I was awkward, I will take lessons in deportment. I will do anything you please; but do not, oh! do not leave me with a false impression on your mind. It is you, you, who were and are the enchanting vision, and your glass must tell you that this is not empty flattering, and that beside yourself your aunt is, well—not a phantasy, but a solid fact. Do you understand me now?"

"I understand, sir, that you are trying to compliment me, and lack either the wit or the manners to do so without slighting my relative."

"No, no," I said. "I had no intention of slighting your relative; I don't think"—with a glance—"I should dare."

"Mr. Pennell, I persist"—rising—"you are intolerable."

I rose too. "Don't go. I didn't mean anything."

"Why do you say such things?"

"It is my natural wit," I protested. "I can't help it."

"Wit!" sitting down with a smile.

"Wit! Well, you are certainly not without humour, even if 'tis of an unconscious kind."

"Not humour, but wit."

"Can you define the difference?"

Now, I consider I had led up to this very neatly. I had made an original epigram upon the difference 'twixt wit and humour only a week before, and had been longing for a proper opportunity for the display of the same. I rose again.

"Wit," I remarked, "is the proper application of a quick intellect; humour is the prostitution of the same."

I am still rather nervous when I let off one of these, and I am afraid I bungled it a bit, but I could see she was impressed.

"Humour," she mused, "I am told is often unconscious. Wit, according to your definition, certainly is not. Was it your wit, may I ask, which caused you to fall just now?"

I could see to where she was leading me, but having taken up a certain standard I was not the man to fall back.

"Certainly it was," I replied, "pure wit; nothing to me, you know, nothing. I often do things of that sort."

"Indeed. While I understood it as unconscious, the incident was not without its humorous side. Since you have told me it was an exhibition of the proper application of a quick intelligence, it loses its humorous value; and points the lesson that if a little wit may make a

wise man, too much may occasionally evolve a fool."

I felt gravelled. "I have only a little wit," I urged; "a very little wit."

"Well, I'll compromise. I will not say you have too much wit, and I will not set you down a fool. You look dubious. Shall I say then you have a lot of wit, but of a bad quality? I like to please, but I value truth above all things."

Dear girl, of course she did.

"Your later opinion leaves me under the onus of accepting your former corollary."

"You must accept what you please, Mr. Pennell; but you must not expect me to make such a laborious effort as



I was obliged to ask the other girl for form's sake.

yourself to pay a compliment. I should feel I was taking a great liberty, and—I am not insured."

I must confess I did not exactly see the connection between her insurance and my compliment, but it was evident, even to me, that she would have complimented me if she could, and I set her unwillingness to do so directly down to her maidenly modesty. That was it—of course—maidenly modesty. Why should a man expect a girl he had known but an hour to compliment him? Preposterous! I could see she was very struck with my general intelligence, and no doubt beauty would pay its homage to intellect in due course.

That is one of the things that distresses me now, she will never, never have the chance. Poor girl! When I think of her lost opportunities, her lost happiness, I am sorry for her, 'pon my word, I am.

Shortly afterwards they went, she and her aunt. I heard the aunt say in a very loud whisper as they got into their carriage:

"Whatever did you find to talk about with that young man? He seems an utter fool."

Charitable old lady, very. And I craned my neck to catch the niece's reply,

"Oh, he was great fun, auntie."

Poor girl. It was obvious the aunt was one of those crotchety old folk who ought to be chained up, and the dear lass, no doubt, dared not openly disagree with her.

The next time I saw her was at the Higgins's ball. She was sitting with a girl I knew at the far end of the room, surrounded by a crowd of silly fops, not an epigram among them, I'll warrant. Her card was nearly full, but she gave me a dance, as did the other girl. (I was obliged to ask the other girl, you know, for form's sake.) As my hostess led me off to introduce me to some strangers, I heard the other girl say to my dear:

"So you know Mr. Pennell, dear. What do you think of him?"

Mrs. Higgins was talking away at her fastest, and in spite of my marvellous

hearing, on which I greatly pride myself, all that I could catch was something about a state of tottery insignificance.

I was puzzled with this for a bit, but soon guessed what it was. She had noticed, when at our house, the effects of the committee meeting; she had observed I was somewhat tottery, but she had also noted it was very insignificant. I wished somehow that she had kept it to herself, or had said insignificant totteriness, but I could hardly expect the dear girl to have my skill in the construction of sentences. That would come with time, and the certain influence of contact with my intelligence. I was at present only thankful enough that she thought sufficient of me to be charitable.

When I went back to claim my dance, she pleaded she was tired, and suggested we should sit it out.

Sitting out, of course, would give me a considerable opportunity of bringing my big conversational guns to bear, so I readily consented.

"Talk to me," she said; "you can talk, you know, and I want to be amused."

And I amused her. This was but the beginning. I met her a lot after that. She was an orphan, and staying with her aunt and cousin.

This cousin was an angular little body, about the same height as my darling, a very serious-minded person. She too was called Gracie, but after granting her the same sweetness of voice, the fates ended the likeness. Indeed, anything more opposite than the two girls you could not find.

Gracie, my—well—the Gracie, you know, was everything that was sweet and amiable, a nice, lovable, curly-haired little darling; while Miss Gracie Wilson—the cousin, not my charmer—was a fierce, repellent kind of creature, with a purpose in life and a class at the ragged school. I had seen her at church; she led the choir (and really, as far as voices were concerned, you could not tell one girl from the other), but until the advent of her cousin, I had never met her at a ball or party. She had, I believe, forsworn the pomps and vanities of this

wicked world, but perhaps the fact that her cousin found enjoyment in them led her to partially reconsider her opinion of frivolous amusements. Anyway, I met her at two or three dances.

I stood up once with her, and she asked me as we were turning whether I was aware I had an immortal soul.

Anthony Hope had no answer for this, and I fought rather shy of her after that. She took an interest in me, though, and whenever her cousin said, as she invariably did at our meetings, that she wanted to be amused, this creature generally managed to get somewhere near us—the skeleton at the feast.

I was certainly getting along famously with my darling. She seemed to enjoy my company very much, and about three months after my first acquaintance with her, when her stay at her aunt's was drawing to its close, I had made up my mind to ask her to marry me.

Several times I screwed myself to the point, but, though I fully appreciated the compliment I should be paying her, I never quite got there until one awful day in January.

It had been a black day in the City; the whole place had seemed a smudge of filth. You could hardly see your

hand before you, black fog and black fog all round. A day of wretchedness; a day to commit suicide, but certainly not the day to make a young lady an offer of marriage, though I know some people say marriage and suicide are—for the man—own cousins. The day came to an end at last, as, even in

London, foggy days must do, and I set off for home. On arriving at our local station, I found the blackness, if anything, worse than what I had left in the City. Being winter, the street lamps were lit, but might just as well have been out, for the gloom seemed to suffocate their light ere it was fairly born. I stumbled against two ladies as I was turning the corner for our road, and was going on after my "Beg pardon," when a voice—the voice, the one I knew and loved, stopped me.

"Is that you, Mr. Pennell?"

"Yes," said I; "who is it?"

As if I didn't know! My heart was jumping like

a piston rod at those tones.

"Mrs. and Miss Wilson," came the expected answer. "Do you think you could help us to find our way home?"

I groped my way to them, searched in the blackness until I found the arm of Miss Wilson, gripped it, and began to



She asked me whether I was aware I had a soul.

walk. The dear old aunt took the other arm, and so we proceeded for a space. Then I began to try the old lady.

"Beastly day," I shouted.

"Yes," she shrieked back.

I think I told you how she always shouted, and how it always annoyed me.

"Yes, it is a nasty day, but you mustn't talk, or the fog will get down your throat, and make you ill; so try and be quiet for a quarter of an hour."

Cheek! Wasn't it? But she never lost an opportunity of insulting me. Suddenly the thought flashed through me. I had been trying to propose to Miss Wilson for a week or two; why not do it now and get it over? The deaf aunt couldn't hear, and it wouldn't matter much if she did. To think of a plan is, with me, to act on it, so—

"Miss Wilson," I began softly, "there are times in one's life when a feeling of lonesomeness comes over one; times when one yearns for the companionship of some kindred soul, some dear soul one can trust, some friend to be always near one, to nurse and cherish, and ch—ch—sew on buttons. Have you ever felt these moments?"

I felt the buttons were rather out of place, but it slipped in somehow. Besides, it would give her a hint my intentions were serious.

"Mr. Pennell," said the dear girl feelingly, "I have often felt it."

"I am glad—I am sorry to hear you say so. Do you think your estimable relative can hear us?"

"Oh no! I am sure she cannot. She is more deaf than ever this weather."

I blessed the day; I blessed the aunt, and everything, and rushed, jumped at my fate. How easy, too, the dear lass seemed making it for me.

"Miss Wilson—Gracie dear—I am lonesome, you are lonesome. Do you think you could join with me to fight this lonesomeness? Will you marry me? Do you love me?"

I stopped to hear her an-

swer, and the old beldam shook my arm irritably.

"What are we stopping for? Get along, it's not an evening for mooning in the streets."

I cursed her for a meddling old fool, and stepped on.

"Could you care for me?" I asked again, and with a gentle pressure of my arm, so different from the old cat's lug, the dear little woman answered "Yes."

"And will you marry me?" I went on. "Yes."

"Can you—will you let it be soon?" I was very much in love, you know.

"Oh no; I couldn't get married for years and years. To think," she continued, "it was I you cared for. I thought it was my cousin!"

"Nonsense," said I cheerfully. "I should never look twice at her when you were by. Now, dear, my people will tell



The deaf aunt couldn't hear.

you I am very hard to manage, but you must not believe them, it is only the eccentricity of my little genius. You will understand it, dear, and I daresay you will be able to manage it." And it was with a strange note of decision that she said:

"Yes, I think I shall manage that all right."

We went the rest of the distance in blissful silence, and when we reached their house, I asked if I might come in and tell Mrs. Wilson. She consented, blushing I hope, but it was too dark for me to see.

She explained to the old lady I was coming in, but the old lady couldn't hear, and looked quite surprised when I stepped into the hall behind her.

"I thought I had wished you good-night, sir," said she, and then stopped as she looked at my face.

The other lady, the one I had proposed to, was not my Miss Wilson at all. It was the angular one, the one who wanted to know if I had my soul with me when I danced with her; the deaf old lady's daughter, not her niece.

"Mr. Pennell has something to say to you, mamma dear," said she, and tried to look coy—and failed. I hate a girl who cannot look coy when she wants.

"Don't be frightened, Frank dear. Mother is not so very terrible. 'Tis only her deafness."

Frightened! My word!

The old lady led the way to a morning room, and there I told her—had to scream it at her; and I knew the girl was listening outside. Told her that I had asked her daughter to be my wife, and that she had done me the honour of consenting, and I hoped she would raise no objections. (There was always a chance that she might object, and I owed it to myself and the other Miss Wilson not to throw a chance away.)

The old lady said something about a more serious person being the one she had hoped for, but there, perhaps marriage would sober me down—it will, I

know—and she was, on the whole, pleased, and came over and kissed me. Pah! She called her daughter, and that young lady came in with a kind of halting rush, and buried her face on her mother's capacious shoulder. They tried to get me to stop to dinner, but I reckoned I had made a big enough fool of myself for one day, and very nearly said so. Why, if I had stopped I might have proposed to the old lady!

She—I had almost said it—my fiancée, saw me out, and at the door held up her face to be kissed, and sighed out:

"You'll be round to-morrow, won't you, Frank dear? You promise me, don't you, dear? Good-night, dear!" And sighed, and sighed again, like some old poplar with the wind in it.

Yes, I know, parting is such sweet sorrow, and she didn't get an offer of marriage every day, I'm thinking. I guess I was the first. I promised.

"Good-night, darling!" I gasped, and I ran.

I can't understand why people should be so slobbery. Only the day before that woman had treated me as distantly as she decently could, and now she slobbered over me like a cow over her first calf.

Well, I suppose I shall have to go through with it, but I've dropped the Wisdom from my cards, and I'm hanged if I'll put it on again. She can say what she likes, so there. I do not suppose our engagement will be a long one. I am doing everything I can to shorten it. A young fellow like me doesn't like going about with a girl like that, and when we are married I shan't be expected to go about with her. If by any chance—she looks dreadfully tough and wiry—I should outlive her, I have sworn never to propose again in a fog.

It is not myself, you know, I am sorry for chiefly. It's the other little girl for whom I grieve. Poor little woman! She has just gone and got herself engaged to a Captain of Dragoons. Pique, you know, pure pique!



OUR CAUSERIE.

The Recent Election.

Never has there been a more exciting election-time than that through which we have lately passed. We have taken more than a languid interest in politics—they have become vital matters to us all. Great interests have been involved, and the contest has been eagerly followed. Then many interesting personalities have cropped up during the campaign, and some very unexpected people have appeared as candidates. Quite a number of literary men have offered themselves for election, novelists as well as journalists. We cannot altogether deplore the failure of Dr. Conan Doyle or the withdrawal of Mr. Anthony Hope, as literature will be so much the gainer by what politics has lost. There was something rather uncanny about Mr. Hope's candidature; he withdrew through some weakness of the heart, and the man who took his place had a fainting fit the very first time he tried to speak. This is what the Africans would call a clear case of hoodoo, though the scientists would probably put it down to nerves.

New Men.

Mr. Winston Churchill is the most brilliant figure among the newcomers, and his election was watched with the greatest interest. Only 25, he has crammed a wonderful number of occupations and excitements into his life already. Harrow and Sandhurst and the 4th Hussars seemed to bespeak a life which was going to progress on pretty ordinary lines. But young Churchill was soon satiated with the ordinary routine of a Cavalry regiment. He served with the Spanish forces in Cuba, and afterwards with the 31st Punjab Infantry, with the Malakand Field Force in '97; then he was orderly to Sir W. Lockhart in the Tirah business, and attached to the 21st Lancers with the Nile Expeditionary Force, and was present at the Battle of Khartoum. All this was before he went out to South Africa and did brilliant work for "The Morning Post," and had such an exciting time that one would think his appetite for adventure—great as it was—would have been satisfied at last. He has a charming manner of speaking, although certain of his critics have likened him to the smart young men in the great shops who offer goods for sale.

Amongst the new literary M.P.'s, no one is more popular than Mr.

Gilbert Parker, the author of "Seats of the Mighty." He is a delightful companion and an unchanging friend. Men who have known him fourteen years will tell you that they have never found the

smallest alteration in him. He has had much journalistic experience, having edited "The Sydney Morning Herald" for years. He has also been a great traveller, and is an extremely witty speaker. He has only had one failure—that was when he turned his novel into a play, and it was known in America as "The Seats of the Mighty Few."

Mr. Horner.

Mr. Fred Horner, the new Member for Lambeth, and the editor of "The Whitehall Review," bears a great facial resemblance to two other men who are always considered alike—I allude to Mr. Clement Scott and Dr. Lennox Brown. Mrs. Horner was of great assistance to her husband during the election, driving about the smallest streets in a smart victoria decked with red and orange. The women have worked very hard in this election, and, what is still better, some of them have been clever enough to get their votes recorded. One of the voters for Mr. Herbert Gladstone was a woman. Her name had been taken to be that of a man. When the candidate announced his majority of 521, he explained that the last figure represented a lady. It will be very ungrateful of him if he does not vote for Woman's Suffrage after this.

The God in
the Car.

Sir Albert Rollit did a clever thing when he utilised his Irish jaunting car for bringing the poor Irish electors to the poll. Whatever their politics might be they could not resist the "kyar!"

Mr. Cox.

Amongst the newspaper proprietors who have been elected for the second time is Mr. Cox, of Mill Hill, the owner of "The Queen" newspaper. Mr. Cox is a most amiable man, and greatly liked. He has gone rather late into politics, having led a very retired life during the lifetime of his wife, who was a great invalid, and could not stand the least excitement in her surroundings. It was not till after her death that Mr. Cox offered himself for election, and won his seat by an excellent

majority. He is particularly beloved by his tenantry and servants, and the first time he was elected they got up a great affair to celebrate his home-coming, the chief feature of which was to be an illuminated transparency with "Welcome" on it. It happened that the election result would be known so late that no one in Mill Hill would know how matters stood until Mr. Cox drove back from town. The men were at their wit's end for a phrase. They wanted to have "Welcome to the successful candidate," but it would not do to put it until they knew that he had won. At last the gamekeeper proposed the words, "Welcome to your home." "That will be right, whether he's won or lost," he said. "He loves his home, and we always love to see him come back to it." Mr. Cox is the kindest of masters, and keeps his servants for years. He has a lovely place in Mill Hill, with the best rhododendrons in England.

New Members.

It is always rather interesting to watch the new Members taking their seats in the House. When they first appear they sit under the gallery until after the questions have been asked, and they are then introduced to the Speaker by two Members—one of the Whips of their party and another. The Speaker shakes hands with them, and they seat themselves amongst the other Members. If they are important people, one will see older Members of their party go up and congratulate them. When Mr. Justin McCarthy first took his seat, he was welcomed by many, including Sir William Harcourt and the late Mr. Fawcett.

"Jim Belmont."

Camberwell is a far cry to most of us, but a good number of undaunted first-nighters turned up at the *première* of Mrs. Beringer's piece, and astonished the neighbourhood with their brilliant toilettes. Amongst those who were round afterwards to offer their congratulations to the authoress I noticed Lord Kilmorey, Sir Arthur Wells, Mr. and Mrs. Jopling Rowe, Mr. and Mrs. Kinsey

Peile, Miss Granville, and Miss Annie Hughes. I often think that Mrs. Oscar Beringer is rather an enviable woman. To be able to write such good plays, in the first place, and then to have a charming young daughter to carry out her ideas! "Jim Belmont" was a tremendous part for so young an actress, but Miss Esmé Beringer made a great success of it. "Jim Belmont" is what people call a "good sort"—a music hall artiste who has gone through the world and known its rough side without taking any of the evil. She marries a man who is "down on his luck," and he comes into a title and fortune. She is unhappy and out of place amongst his fine friends, and finally runs away from him, determined to go back to the "halls." Thinking he wishes to marry an old love, she determines to set him free, and goads him on into giving her the blow which shall be her evidence of cruelty in the divorce court. But with the blow comes the agony and remorse of the man, followed by the return of love. I was delighted at this unexpected *dénouement*, for when I saw Miss Beringer come on in a white tea-gown at the commencement of the third act, I felt quite sure she was going to die.

The Cast.

The piece was admirably cast, for Mrs. Beringer has a great gift of seeing who will suit a certain part. Mr. Charles Rock was extremely good as a man of the world—just like a real person. Mr. Maurice was a sympathetic hero, and Mr. Joseph Wilson a capital lion comique. Little Mr. Robson made every word tell. The part of Boccacio Jelly was admirably played by Mr. West Carnie, who was awfully amusing as the Minor Poet who takes such an intelligent interest in Jim Belmont's unconventional behaviour. The audience was greatly amused at his clever performance. Mr. Carnie has made a great success in parts like those of George Grossmith, jun., more particularly with the masher in "Morocco Bound." He is very clever at making up, and has won a number of prizes at Covent Garden for dresses designed by himself.

Mr. Richard Whiteing.

There are few pleasanter people in the literary world than Mr. Richard Whiteing, the author of "5, John Street." He is very striking looking, tall, with an abundance of grey hair, and bright, dark eyes. He is said to be over sixty, but looks much less. He is a charming talker—brilliant, but sympathetic and natural. He has almost entirely dropped journalism since his success. Mr. Justin McCarthy has known Mr. Whiteing all his life, and has never known anything that was not nice in him. Mr. Whiteing went down to Westgate the other day to see his old friend. Mr. Whiteing has been very ill, but is just recovering—he had double pneumonia, owing to drinking bad water in a rustic cottage.

Miss Ellicott.

A remarkable talent for musical composition is possessed by Miss Rosalind Ellicott, the daughter of the Bishop of Gloucester. She commenced writing little tunes when she was only six, and they were always correctly harmonised. She was at the Royal Academy of Music for two years, and after this studied harmony for seven years under Mr. Thomas Wingham. Miss Ellicott has always cared most for the higher forms of musical composition. She loves to write for the orchestra, and has produced many important works. In 1886 she produced an overture which was performed at the Gloucester Festival (and at the Crystal Palace later on), and since that time she has written regularly for the festival. One of her most successful works was a fantasia for piano and orchestra, which was performed at the Gloucester Festival and the Crystal Palace, Miss Sybil Palliser being the pianist. It was afterwards played by Miss Sybil Palliser at a Crystal Palace Saturday Concert, and at the Imperial Institute, and also at a concert given by the Westminster Orchestral Society in '97. Not long since Miss Ellicott gave a concert in London consisting entirely of her own compositions, Signor Piatti, Miss Palliser, and Mr. David Bispham being among the executants. A quartette for

pianoforte and strings was produced last year at the Steinway Hall, the performers being Miss Edie Reynolds, Miss Sybil Palliser, Mr. Lionel Terti, and Mr. Charles Ould. Miss Ellicott never improvises at the piano, she says it is a separate gift. Her gift is her musical memory—the one sure sign which shows musical talent. She can carry a whole movement in her head before she writes it down. She does not write at any regular time of the day—only when she feels in the mood. Some of her best ideas come to her when she is walking, and this applies almost more to town than to the country. There is something about the sounds in the busy street that seems to be an aid to composition. I remember Mr. Ashby Sterry telling me that he got some of the best ideas for his poems when he was riding on the top of a 'bus.

**Mr. Beatty
Kingston.**

Great regret has been felt at the death of Mr. Beatty Kingston, who was one of the most popular figures in the journalistic world. He was a wonderfully gifted man, knew many languages, and an unrivalled judge of music. Madame Amy Sherwin has in her possession a letter which he wrote her when she first came to London, the first time he heard her sing. He praised her specially for her enunciation, begging her never to alter her pronunciation of certain words. One of these words was "mother." He thought she pronounced it so beautifully. The word came in "The Old Folks at Home"—a song which she often gave as an encore when she first came to England.

**Lady Warwick's
Shop.**

I paid another visit to Lady Warwick's shop the other day, being attracted by a large display of black silk lingerie in the window. "The Americans like it so much," said pretty Mrs. Eric Pritchard; "it is considered rather chic, and it has caught on with them immensely. Black-stitched handkerchiefs? They are for everybody. You see every-

body is in mourning owing to the war. So we are stitching all our white handkerchiefs with black. What are we making now? Flannel gowns! They are very much liked for wearing in country houses. The flannel comes from France, and it is made in the loveliest colours. No, it is not any sort of mixture—it is flannel pure and simple. We have it in some good shades of red, also in blue, green, and strawberry-pink. We make it up very simply in blouses and skirts, but we add a very ornamental collar in embroidered muslin or grass-lawn. The collar is the principal feature. Artists have always admired flannel. You know it sets in such beautiful folds. We have been very busy over Lady Hopetoun's outfit. We made her quantities of things, and everything with a touch of Malmaison pink. That is her colour. She is never to be seen without it. She has pink night-gowns, pink tea-gowns, and pink evening-gowns of course. She has taken out many thin dresses for India, and foulards of special design. Yes, Lady Hopetoun is very handsome—something like Lady Colin in style. Quite the Southern type, tall and dark, with lovely manners, and a very picturesque appearance. She is Lord Ventry's daughter, as you know. I like the idea of a woman sticking to a certain colour. It is so chic. Lady Warwick nearly always wears turquoise-blue to match her eyes. She has countless blue dresses, in different shades, but turquoise is what she likes best."

**Latest
Living Pictures.**

Novelties are the order of the day now that the amusement season has recommenced, and many and various are the means used by managers to present new and striking features. Mr. Dundas Slater, of the Alhambra, has been among the most successful, by obtaining M. Marcel's Basso-Relievo Living Pictures, a "turn" that must be seen to be appreciated. The works shown are living representations of the best work of European artists, and, judging from the applause, they give great pleasure to the audience.

Plays, Players, and Playgoers. Schopenhauer observed that the man who never goes to a play, never looks in a mirror. From which we infer that the play in Schopenhauer's day was much the same as the play of to-day; except, maybe, that our modern stage mirrors are inclined to distort the images they pretend to reflect. There is, of course, no distortion of gowns, or furniture, or local colouring, and if there were, it would not matter much; the distortion is of men and women, and manners and morals. Such a mirror Mr. Sidney Grundy holds up to us in "A Debt of Honour." We men of the world do not know any such life as is reflected there. It is too flaring and incongruous for reality. "Labour candidates" always have their tongues in their cheeks, we know; but they abstain from constantly informing their friends that they are there; and a woman rarely goes off on an errand of mercy other than in the morning or afternoon—anyhow, she never leaves home on such a mission just as dinner is announced, especially if she has a guest, and when the matter is one calling for a little reflection and no immediate attention. There are other things in this play that are not mirrored from life; but let them pass, for, after all, if the critical faculty be left at home, it is pleasant enough, even if one feels that a sermon is intended, which is always irritating; and its shortcomings are redeemed by some graceful acting and fine setting, and there is Mr. George Alexander, the *beau idéal* of the feminine young playgoer—all that is youthful and beautiful always patronises the St. James's—in a middle-aged rôle that suits him admirably.

If the ghost of the "Colonel Cromwell." Great Protector should step into the Globe Theatre some evening while "Colonel Cromwell" is in progress, he would have no cause for complaint. *Au contraire*, Mr. Charles Cartright sets out to remove the impression most of us have received from studying authorities who ought to have known better, since

they taught us that he was a gentleman who never did exactly what he was expected or desired to do. But Messrs. Arthur Paterson and Charles Cartright render the redoubtable revolutionary as a charming companion and an obliging enemy; but he was only Colonel then! Another complaint we should like to make. Protector Cromwell—and the seeds must have existed in the Colonel—had a nose as ruddy as that of Cyrano de Bergerac; but Mr. Cartright has none of it. Otherwise, he is all that Cromwell must have been—at least so far as the play will let him be—and who would expect otherwise from one of the finest exponents of English drama that has ever walked the histrionic boards? On the whole, the play is romantic and picturesque, and whether accurate or not, fills in a few hours most pleasantly.

A Word about Mines.

The London Chamber of Mines appeal through our advertising columns to all mining shareholders and investors generally to join them. We should certainly think that an institution capable of giving reliable information must be invaluable to the thousands of investors which compose the mining public. It is difficult to know what to buy and what to avoid, and a guinea spent on the Chamber may be the means of avoiding heavy losses and of possibly securing sound investments. We say possibly, as all mining ventures must always entail a certain amount of risk.

**The Right Hon.
Sir Francis Jeune,
K.C.B.,
President of the
Probate, Divorce,
and
Admiralty Division.**

Our readers will be interested in the portrait of Sir Francis Jeune taken on his favourite cob, Kruger, photographed by his accomplished step-daughter. Sir Francis Jeune's career is almost too well known to need recapitulation here; it has been one long career of triumphs, without a single break. A palmist would have told him he had a long line of fortune, going straight upwards without any deviation, and growing more marked as it progressed. Sir Francis is the eldest son of

the Bishop of Peterborough. He was born in 1843, and was educated at Balliol College. Here he took a first in classics, and won several prizes for historical essays, including the Arnold in '67. In 1865 he came to London to read for the Bar, and was called to the Inner Temple in '68. He became a Q.C. twenty years after, and became well known as an ecclesiastical lawyer—

a position for which his early surroundings rendered him specially fit. It will be remembered that Sir Francis was junior counsel for the Claimant in the Tichborne case. In January '91 Sir Francis was made a Judge of the Probate, Divorce and Admiralty Division, succeeding the late Sir James Hannen. The year after that Sir Francis was appointed President of the Division, succeeding the late Justice Butt, and in the same year more honours were in store for him, and he was appointed Judge-Advocate-General. In '97 he was made K.C.B. for his services in that capacity. In '81,

Sir Francis married the elder daughter of Mr. Stewart Mackenzie of Seaforth, the widow of Colonel the Hon. John Constantine Stanley, a brother of Lord Stanley of Alderley. Lady Jeune is a brilliant and popular woman, celebrated for her kindness to young people, fond of artistic society, and the authoress of many clever articles on social subjects. Sir Francis is greatly in request as a diner-out, for he

is a most delightful talker. He is a great reader of out-of-the-way books, a great traveller, and fond of out-of-the-way places. He can tell one of all manner of beautiful places out of the beaten track, which are well worth breaking one's journey for; for example, the lovely lake Thrasymene, which few people see, because it involves breaking the journey between Florence and Rome.

He is a charming companion—bright and wonderfully clever. As for his recreations, he must speak for himself; the following is an extract from a very characteristic letter of Sir Francis', lately written to a member of the staff of THE LUDGATE:—"My recreations are of a very ordinary kind. I don't shoot for want of eyesight, and I don't hunt for want of time. I ride, bicycle, and, to go to the latest form of amusement, have enjoyed myself a great deal on a motor-car. To exclude also the latest forms of amusement, I don't play croquet or bridge, because both bore me. I should agree more

with the first part of Mr. Justice Buller's definition of heaven, 'Nisi prius all day, and whilst all night,' than with the second."

A Study in Sequins.

The dresses at Wyndham's Theatre are quite a revelation, and they made a tremendous effect on the first night. Spangles had not been spared,



James Jeune
F. H. Jeune.

and as one actress came in after another in the first act, it almost seemed to be a struggle as to who should wear the most sequins. Miss Marie Illington's entire skirt was covered with a trellis-work of glittering sequins in silver and crystal, with bands of emerald sequins on the bodice. Miss Mary Moore's lovely dress, figured with large pink poppies, glimmered though a mist of gold sequins, like dew-drops sparkling in the sun, the necessary softness being given by touches of pale blue tulle at the *décolletage*. Miss Lena Ashwell's ball-gown depended more on softness than glitter. It was white *mousseline de soie* painted with roses and garlanded with roses—just like flowers with their reflections seen in water. She looked such a vision when she first appeared that she got a long round of applause before she had time to speak. Miss Moore's dresses were all novel and charming, and gave such an effect of finish. The jewels were worn with much taste, the turquoises forming an appropriate note in a toilette relieved with pale blue. The Empire coat in pale biscuit-colour, worn with a large white hat and feathers, was a distinct success, and the dainty cane carried in the hand was well in character with the costume. There is much to be learnt from Miss Mary Moore's dresses, for she dresses like a society lady, and one with very perfect taste of her own.

At the
Mansion House.

The Mansion House looked very bright on the occasion of the Lady Mayoress's last afternoon reception, and crowds gathered in the great Upper Hall to listen to the pleasant programme of music supplied by the Æolian Ladies' Orchestra. Miss Rosabel Watson conducted admirably, and the ladies' band looked very smart in their cream satin Empire gowns. The Lady Mayoress received in the drawing-room, and looked charming in rose-pink silk, the zouave bodice set in tiny horizontal tucks, the toilette softened with an abundance of filmy lace. Lady Newton looked almost as young as her pretty daughter, who helped her to receive. There were many handsome

dresses among the guests, very large hats were worn, and long trailing skirts. Mrs. John Lobb looked very pretty in a silver-grey toilette with a becoming hat trimmed with nasturtium colour. Amongst others present I noticed Sir Clarence and Lady O'Brien, Lady Treloar, Sir Marcus and Lady Samuel, Lady Renals, Mrs. Brown Potter, Mr. Ganz, and many clerical celebrities, including Mr. Barras, the Lord Mayor's Chaplain. The Lady Mayoress was greatly consoled with upon her son's distressing accident. He was most brutally treated by the mob, and it is to be feared he will bear the scars of that election riot all his life.

Short Skirt League.

What has become of the "Short Skirt League" organised years ago under the auspices of Lady Harberton? The league issued a circular setting forth its principles and practice, but where are those principles and practice now? The latter centred in a skirt which was never to be less than five inches from the ground. Women were particularly advised that a dress of this length does not show the ankles. This skirt was a compromise. The really satisfactory skirt would be one at least a foot from the ground. This would never deface the instep of the shoe or heel, and never require holding up, and would be altogether a very smart-looking affair. The utmost the league hoped was that women might eventually rise to it, but they have not! The circular gave one piece of information that may be transmitted. It is this: "All round skirts intended to clear the ground should be at least two inches shorter in the back than in the front, for the reason that the greater number of gathers in the back and consequent greater weight pulls down the band, and the skirt, in technical terms, will sway. This French dress-makers always do, and it is this that gives a French skirt that natty look that skirts of other nationalities do not have."

Good Form and Fashion.

There is a vast deal more difference between good form and fashion

than most people imagine, and there are many who labour under the misapprehension that form is synonymous with style. The distinction between the two lies in the fact that whereas good form involves perfect and correct taste, combined with a complete absence of exaggeration and affectation, fashion and style do not. The latter are often tainted by vulgarity and by the loudness of their appeals to the attention of the public, whereas good form implies quiet refinement and elegance, a lack of all ostentation and violent contrast, and an adaptation of fashion to one's needs, ideas, and appearance, instead of any subservience thereto. When good form is allied to originality, it becomes what the French call *chic*.

Humours of a Hydro.

It is really a scandal to publish some books promiscuously, and this is urged on ethical grounds. Included in the objectionable category should be volumes like "The Humours of a Hydro" (Skeffington and Son) for which a LUDGATE contributor, Dagny Major, is responsible. Its dangers are incalculable. It lies on the bookstalls, a temptation to any chance purchaser, and it might prove fatal to many an obese reader. "Laugh and grow fat" is a well-known medical axiom, but the danger of such a proceeding to the already super-fat is obvious, and that danger must arise with the perusal of Dagny Major's book. Therefore, only lean people should read it, and even they risk cracking their sides over the ludicrous troubles of Sir Algernon Smivvers and his spouse at a "hydro," where the laws are as those of the Medes and Persians, any infraction of which is regarded by attendants and visitors alike as a sacrilege. Satires like this are all very well, but it is decidedly unethical for an author to wax humorous to the public danger.

The Ludgate Art Gallery.

The prime essential of human happiness is the ability to solve the subtle secrets with which life abounds. The mystery that puzzles most is the art of living, for there is such an art. Some dwell in dreary wildernesses, and

others learn to transform the sand and thorns that render them dreary into things of beauty. Reasoning on these lines, we should say the art of living is living with art. It may be urged that this is without the scope of the average purse. Possibly it *was*, but we of THE LUDGATE have determined to remedy this one drawback of the person of moderate means. We have decided to provide our readers with fine art at a fine price, so fine, in fact, that the uninitiated may marvel how it is done. Well, it is not done with a profit. It is THE LUDGATE'S effort to advertise THE LUDGATE by means of a sensational offer, which must make people talk about it and its project. We refer everyone to the details of our scheme under the heading of "The Ludgate Art Gallery," which appear among our advertising pages.

Plentiful lack; Alack!

The Stock Markets still make moan over the plentiful lack of business that has come their way for very nearly twelve months. The dealer in stocks and shares within the year has seen a great amalgamation of the politician and the soldier to take the bread out of his mouth by reducing his transactions to a practical nihilism. Then, just as he seemed to have weathered the storm, round came the General Election and snapped off his nose.

A song of a pretty penny.

After making due allowance for party bias among mere politicians; for a desire to give the Government fair play and to see the country emerge with dignity and honour from a difficult and possibly dangerous position, among men of cool commonsense, who have no particular axe to grind; for the longing, irrepressible in the true sportsman, to see the best man win; and the sense of humour so conspicuous in the Man in the Street, so invisible in the threepenny and half-penny dailies—the opinion of the City may be said to be that we have, for some time past, been witnessing a dramatic adaptation of a well-known nursery rhyme. The cast is as follows:—

The King, by the Great B.P., "counting out his money."

The Pie, by the General Situation.

The Baker, by Paul Kruger and his assistants.

24 *Blackbirds*, by Members of the Government, who found it rather hot inside.

The Cook, by His Satanic Majesty.

The Carver, by the Prime Minister, who used the long spoon of dissolution—to the joy of the superheated aviary, who instantly expressed their views to the B.P. with much graphic unintelligibility.

The Dish, by the Khaki Cry.

The Queen, by an illustrious Lady, whose sole desire is the well-being of her people.

The Maid, by the Radical Party.

Her Clothes, by all she could find to catch the breezes.

The Particular Blackbird, by Joey C.

Her Nose, by Sir Wilfrid.

Clothes pegs, lines, etc., by the Hawkesley letters, the Jameson Raiders, and the Universal Brotherhood of Man.

Quiet Confidence.

The Stock Exchange generally, however, has taken the Election very quietly. Its general feeling being strongly Unionist, it believed that the Government would be returned by at least a strong working majority. Its interest now naturally centres more on the ensuing tranquillity of affairs, with an effect upon business, and, also, more upon what use the Government will make of its last lease of power, than what misuse, if any, it has made of the first. In this they are probably in line with the Unionist majority in the country, as voiced in every organ of its innumerable groups, till one wishes there were no such entities as armies, navies, politics, Burns (except the immortal Bobby), Battersea and the rest.

Watching the Communications.

We will therefore throw all this ballast overboard, and ride buoyant to other subjects of public interest, which have nothing to do with the temperance question or tied houses. To be guilty

of an Irishism, that subject which rises most readily to the surface is the underground communications of London, and not underground alone, but the general question of London transit and interchange.

Dogberry is dead.

At present, as everyone knows, owing to the energy of the Post Office in laying down telephones, the main thoroughfares are partially impassable. The only flattering unction the Londoner can lay to his soul is, that the interruption will cease in time, and the end thereof will be a telephone a little cheaper and a little more efficient than he has been accustomed to; although much dearer and not so good as that which many Continental countries have had for many years. It is a commonplace to say that the British public is easily pleased, and very patient. Would it were Dogberry enough to write itself down an ass for its pains; so also of the vested interests that bar and delay the rational progress which would enhance their value beyond the dreams of avarice.

The Business Man.

Your business man always feels on safe ground when he claims to the uttermost all that he has paid for, and attaches no value to what he has not paid for. Therein, we think, he is as rational as the man who was found packing up his landlady's cruets because a charge had been made for it in his bill. Money is a valuable commodity because we have to pay in it for everything, we think, except the air we breathe, and sometimes indirectly for that. A day may come—not in our time—when pure air will have to be pumped great distances into London, as water is to-day. Your only true business man is the man who advances the welfare of the many; the others are but misanthropes instinct with selfishness. Take the most disputed example, Cecil Rhodes, who has created a great country. We do not enquire too closely by what methods, although the cleaner the methods the greater the man. We clear away the jealousies for and against that have grown up around his work, and

look at the work itself. Rhodes' glory is that he saw it could be done, did it, and lived for it.

Railways.

We are a slow, and we must be a stupid people, to allow these great conveniences to hang fire for so long. We are fully ten years behind other countries in the adoption of great inventions. Eighteen years ago Paris had begun to light itself with electric light, London is hardly lit yet. By the time our telephone wires are laid, and the system is even reasonably cheap, wireless telephony will be the order of the day, and we shall not then adopt it till we have removed the useless wires at enormous cost. We know a foreign capital, in one of those countries which Lord Salisbury stigmatised as inhabited by dying nations, that has a summer and winter stock of tramways, one open and airy, the other closed and warm. How long, we wonder, will the "Underground" waste the shareholders' money in expensive experiments in electric traction, although they have had an object lesson for nothing ever since the City and South London Railway was opened. But was it necessary to wait until object lessons reached England? We shudder to think how long it is since the Charing Cross, Euston, and Hampstead line obtained Parliamentary sanction. Yet now the exceeding great Mr. Yerks has to be invoked. We trust his enterprise will go forward.

The Chatham and South-Eastern.

We decline to be drawn into the vexed question of the Chatham and South-Eastern Railway inefficiency; but would say with Hamlet, "Reform it altogether." It is not a subject suitable for anyone who has any reserve of manner to give his opinion of. Cabmen, bus-drivers, or bargees might do the demerits of these companies justice. They are an amalgamated reproach to any up-to-date community. The lighting alone of the Chatham and Dover third-class carriages would condemn any railway anywhere. We can compare it to nothing but the feeble gleam of some old horn stable

lanthorn dirt-incrusted. They are not Home Railways at all; for when at home you cannot leave, and, when away, you cannot reach home by them except too late to catch your train to the City of the following day. Once on a Canadian railway, by waiting a quarter of an hour, we caught the train of the previous day, sixteen hours late, but that was due to an accident. But the Chatham and South-Eastern trains, we should think, were quite unidentifiable, and, like Mark Twain's watch, through going slow, have dropped back first to yesterday, then last week, and are probably now jogging along somewhere in the week before last.

A Directors' Examination.

This probability is borne out by the story of a correspondent in one of the papers, we think "The Express," of having claimed from the South-Eastern Railway for return of an excessive charge on a parcel, the charge being made greater by goods than by passenger train. Eleven months only after his application his letter was acknowledged with a return of 1s. 3d., and with no apparent consciousness of the lapse of time. These companies no doubt examine their employes according to custom to provide against colour-blindness. The directors might well be tested as to their ability to tell the time, or gauge its flight, as well as on their duty to the public. Will the new manager be able to improve upon such material?

The Society of Friends.

Against the capture by Mr. Yerks of the Charing Cross, Euston, and Hampstead Railway, and the supposititious invasion by American coal, we have to set a reported British enterprise which is to take by storm the cereal businesses of the United States, including Quaker Oats. Apropos of the latter, it is curious that the quaintly modest Society of Friends should be associated with the pushing advertisement, even of an excellent article, that plants itself in enormous lettering across the Dover heights. We wonder who is responsible for this? The white cliffs of old England—Quaker Oats! *Perfide Albion*—

Quaker Oats! Such is the greeting to the cross-Channel sentimentalist.

Better and better.

Our learned and optimistic contemporary "The Statist" is again on the warpath. In an article on Rising Prices, Trade, and Money, it foretells a rise of prices, and eventually of wages, great prosperity, with a revenue sufficiently swollen to meet the new charges for the Army and Navy, general freedom of money, an increased investment in foreign securities, and, in fact, a good time all round, save perhaps to the salaried and fixed income classes, who, however, will feel indirectly the benefit of the improved conditions.

South Africa.

There is a not unreasonable expectation that when the war has ceased there will be a great improvement in South African securities generally. Cape Stocks stand at present low, and they leave room for improvement with better general prospects for the region. As to the Rand, Pretoria having been reformed, law and order established, and the gradual return of the workers authorised, it should not be long before the better class mines show an advance in price, and in this Rhodesia and its undertakings should participate.

The Loyal Colony.

Natal, too, will feel the same stimulus. The loyal Colony deserves all the support that those at "Home"

can give, both to its securities and its undertakings. Nor is it deficient in enterprise, for it has developed the tea industry, and has quite a respectable output.

Prosperous Colonies.

Tea naturally suggests Ceylon, and we find Ceylon, together with Canada and New Zealand, as judged by their revenue returns, in a most flourishing condition, the first and last each breaking the record. It seems probable that New Zealand will not persist in holding apart, but will eventually join the new Australasian Commonwealth. Newfoundland, which occupies an analogous position in not having joined the Dominion of Canada, is still distracted over the question of the Reid contracts. There ought to be a good time coming for Colonial Government securities.

The House.

The House itself has been devoting itself to its own domestic politics, and, as a company, has declared the highest dividend in its history. The Committee has been active in the same sphere, making new rules as to defaulters, and considering the question of jobbers who "shunt," or deal by telegraph with members of provincial Stock Exchanges, a practice held by some to be an infringement of the "broker's" privileges. The Committee is even threatening to abolish the half-hour's smoking privilege, before closing, now accorded to members.





A CHRISTMAS GREETING.

[From a drawing by Ada Watson.]